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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING
JULIUS CÆSAR;
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA;
CYMBELINE;
TITUS ANDRONICUS;
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. JOHNSON,
G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER,
J. SEWELL, W. RICHARDSON, J. NICHOLS, F. AND C. RIVINGTON,
T. PAYNE, JUN. R. FAULDER, W. LOWNDES, B. AND J. WHITE,
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AND DAVIES, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, AND LEE AND HURST.

1797.

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AND AGENTS, J. BARKER, J. JOHNSON AND CO.
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

* * * It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell*), p. 14. that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramattick writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in *The Tempest*, (p. 127,) seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our author was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II.* the two parts of *K. Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and the *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel prescription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. **U. T. O. N.**

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

Marcus Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Marcus Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Volumnius;
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Ser-*
vants to Brutus,

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the play, at Rome: after-*
wards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,² and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
~~What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—~~

You, fir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,
as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what
trade?

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me: yet,
if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that?³ Mend me, thou saucy
fellow?

2. *Cit.*

² Old copy—*Murellus*. I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c.
given to this tribune his right name, *Marullus*. THEOBALD.

³ As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to
Marullus, 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*.

THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy
sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably
given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage.

JOHNSON.

I would give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the
last to *Flavius*. RITSON.

2. *Cit.* Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.⁴ I am indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,⁵

To

⁴ This should be, "I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." FARMER.

⁵ As *Tiber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

" — the river of bliss

" Rolls o'er Elyfian flowers her amber stream."

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius.

STEEVENS.

Drayton, in his *Polyoibion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males.

MALONE.

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina*, &c. STEEVENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

7

To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your fort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, where their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.⁶

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.⁷ I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods.

WARBURTON.

Ceremonies are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. MALONE.

⁷ *Cæsar's trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. STEEVENS.

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Calpurnius informs Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence." M. MASON.

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,⁸ CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca.

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Musick ceases.*

Calphurnia,—

Cæs.

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,⁹
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick.*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,

Cry,

⁸ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marius* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

⁹ The old copy generally reads *Antonio*, *Oflavio*, *Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramattick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

9

Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that ?

Bru. A soothfayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ; — pass.

[*Sennet.*² *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand³
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,⁴
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;) Than
Nor construe any further my neglect,

² I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army ; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

³ *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.

JOHNSON.

⁴ With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love^s
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the root, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru.

^s To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurements
of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
 But wherefore do you hold me hear so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:⁶
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched

⁶ Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;⁷
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper⁸ should
 So get the start of the majestick world,⁹
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be founded more than yours?

Write

⁷ A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

WARBURTON.

⁸ i. e. temperament, constitution. STEEVENS.

⁹ This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings*. WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once,² that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil³ to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

[Shout.]

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:⁴
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear: and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;⁵
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs.

² i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*. STEEVENS.

³ I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. *L. J. Brutus* (says *Cassius*) would
 as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a *dæmon*, as to the lasting
 government of a king. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. *guess*. STEEVENS.

⁵ Consider this at leisure; *ruminate on this*. JOHNSON.]

Cæs. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his own fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret⁶ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:⁷
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such

⁶ A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

⁷ Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that

“The man that hath no musick in himself,

“Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” MALONE.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While's they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting,

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar;
for

for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.⁸

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,⁹ if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

⁸ No honest man. MALONE.

⁹ Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat. JOHNSON.

silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both.

[*Exit CASCA.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize.
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so,—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:² Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;³ but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.⁴ I will this night,

In

² The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. *dispos'd to*. MALONE.

³ i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus* (says he) *and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. WARBURTON.

The

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA,
 with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?⁵
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth⁶
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who

The meaning, I think, is this: Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I
 were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of
 my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

⁵ Did you attend Cæsar home? JOHNSON.

⁶ The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

Who glar'd upon me,⁷ and went furly by,
 Without annoying me : And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural ;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose ⁸ of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;

And,

⁷ The first [and second] edition reads :

Who glaz'd upon me,——

Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.* JOHNSON.

Glar'd is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes : and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Clean* is altogether, entirely. MALONE.

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;⁹
Why old men fools, and children calculate;²
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As

⁹ That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

² *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate the nativity*, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore [instead of *old men, fools, and children, &c.*] point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate. BLACKSTONE.

As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,³
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs⁴ like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these wordly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So

³ *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thews* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength.
STEEVENS.

So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made;⁵ But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
There is no fltering tell-tale. Hold my hand;⁶
Be factious for redress⁷ of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bragain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work⁸ we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

⁵ I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Is the same as, *Here's my hand*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Factious* seems here to mean *active*. JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, says, "I have been always *factious* on the part of your general;" and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. STEEVENS.

⁸ The old edition reads:

Is favors, like the work,——

I think we should read:

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance. JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to resemble. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *fev'rous* is the true reading: So, in *Macbeth*:

"Some say the earth

"Was *feverous*, and did shake." REED.

Enter

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he fits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But

⁹ The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“—he hath left you all his walks,

“His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

“On this side Tiber.” MALONE.

The number of treatises written on the subject of horticulture, even at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, very strongly controvert Mr. Malone's supposition relative to the unfrequency of gardens at so early a period. STEEVENS.

Orchard was anciently written *bort-yard*; hence its original meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. “It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard* or *garden* with fruite.” *A Booke of the Arte and maner howe to plant and graffe all sortes of trees, &c.* 1574. 4to. And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see his *orchard*, where they are to eat a *last year's pippin* of his *own grafting*, he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation.

Leland also in his Itinerary distinguishes them. “At Morle in Derbyshire (says he) there is as much pleasure of *orchards* of great variety of frute, and fair made walks, and *gardens*, as in any place of Lancashire.”

HOLT WHITE.

But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power:² And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,³
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees⁴
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,⁵ grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter

² *Remorse*, for mercy. WARBURTON.

Remorse (says Mr. Heath) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, tenderness; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*. The same word occurs in *Othello*, and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification. STEEVENS.

³ Common experiment. JOHNSON.

Common proof means a matter proved by common experience. With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. M. MASON.

⁴ Low steps. JOHNSON.

⁵ According to his nature. JOHNSON.

As his kind does not mean, *according to his nature*, as Johnson asserts, but *like the rest of his species*. M. MASON.

Perhaps rather, as *all those of his kind*, that is, nature. MALONE.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, fir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?⁵

Luc. I know not, fir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, fir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter

5 Old copy—the *first* of March.] We should read *ides*: for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar (Act I. sc. ii.) in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrozo* was the *ides* of March, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the *ides*, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordancie of yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*. MALONE.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion,⁶ all the interim is

Like

⁶ That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgement always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original:

“ O think, what anxious moments pass between

“ The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.

“ Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

“ Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.” *Cato.*

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description:

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council;——.”

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewise; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addison was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

“ Oh,

Like a phantasma,⁸ or a hideous dream:
 The genius, and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter

“ Oh, ’tis a dreadful interval of time,
 “ Fill’d up with horror all, and big with death.”

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:

“ — All the interim is
 “ Like a *phantasma*, or a hideous dream.
 “ — the state of man,
 “ Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 “ The nature of an insurrection.”

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful, but the *interim* or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. **WARBURTON.**

The δεινόν of the Greek criticks does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ δεινόν is that which *strikes*, which *astonishes* with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author’s abilities.

Dr. Warburton’s pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. **JOHNSON.**

Johnson’s explanation of the word *instruments* is confirmed by the following passage in *Macbeth*, whose mind was, at the time, in the very state which Brutus is here describing:

“ — I am settled, and bend up
 “ Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat.” **M. MASON.**

The word *genius* in our author’s time, meant either “a good angel or a familiar evil spirit,” and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616. **MALONE.**

⁸ “Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds. *Lavaterus*, 1572. **HENDERSON.**

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁹ at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.²

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,³
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru.

⁹ Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister. STEEVENS.

² Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

³ If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east; Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises:
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,⁴
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.⁵ But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,

Than

⁴ Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read—

—— If not the *faith* of men, &c. M. MASON.

⁵ Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny for punishment.

STEEVENS.

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter?⁶ and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,⁷
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,⁸
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,⁹
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him

A shrewd

⁶ And will not fly from his engagements. MALONE.

⁷ Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*. STEEVENS.

⁸ The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. character. STEEVENS.

A shrewd contriver: and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:²
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought,³ and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given

To

² *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*.

MALONE.

³ That is, *turn melancholy*. JOHNSON.

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in St. Matthew, where the verb *μεριμναω*, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forebode evil*, is so rendered: "Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." HENLEY.

To sports, to wildness, and much company.⁴

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Quite from the main opinion⁵ he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'erfway him : for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,⁶

Lions

⁴ *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *companion*, Act IV. HENLEY.

⁵ *Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*.

JOHNSON.

Main opinion, according to Johnson's explanation, is *sense* ; but *mean opinion* would be a more natural expression, and is, I believe, what Shakespeare wrote. M. MASON.

Fantasy was in our author's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined.

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other *cere-monial* rites.

⁶ Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter.

Bears are reported to have been surprized by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII. STEEVENS.

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:⁵
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,
 Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks⁶ put on our purposes;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
 It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
 Stole

⁵ That is, by his house. Make that your way home. MALONE.

⁶ Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs.

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,⁷
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night

Have

⁷ On your temper ; the disposition of your mind. MALONE.

Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some fix or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus;
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs⁸
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.⁹
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All

⁸ Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakespeare's age resided. STEEVENS.

⁹ By the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus*; whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father*. It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks,

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded? HENLEY.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery² of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?³

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit.⁴ Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
Till I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

² i. e. *all that is character'd on*, &c. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. *who is that, who knocks?* Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—who's *there* that knocks? and a fifth has, *who's that, that* knocks? MALONE.

⁴ Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptation of it. M. MASON.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,⁵
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,⁶
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar!

⁵ I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. STEEVENS.

⁶ To *burtle* is, I suppose, to clasp, or move with violence and noise.

STEEVENS.

To *burtle* originally signified to *push* violently; and, as in such an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to have been used in the sense of *to clasp*. MALONE.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,⁷
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entraails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:⁸
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;

And,

⁷ This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁸ The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart.

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent;⁹ and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving

⁹ The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read:

Of evils imminent. STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form, as they now stand, a regular climax. HENLEY.

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
Fortinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.²

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reason³ to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs.

Welcome, Publius.—

What,

² This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it “a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing.”

MALONE.

I concur in opinion with Mr. Malone. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. STEEVENS.

³ And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
 What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
 Is notwithstanding up:—
 Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
 I am to blame to be thus waited for,—
 Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
 I have an hour's talk in store for you;
 Remember that you call on me to-day:
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come
 not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius;
 mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not;
 thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in
 all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not
 immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy.
 The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.²
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.³

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc.

² Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like—factious, envious, or malicious rivalry.

STEEVENS

³ The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

JOHNSON.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothfayer.*⁴

Por. Come hither, fellow :
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,⁵
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say, I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ The introduction of the Soothfayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus ; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient. TYRWHITT.

⁵ These words Portia addresses to *Lucius*, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive,

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru.

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and
the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd :⁶ press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.⁷

Cæs. Are we all ready ? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?⁸

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart ;—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance,⁹ and first degree,
Into the law of children.² Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know,

⁶ i. e. he is ready. STEEVENS.

⁷ This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand.* TYRWHITT.

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand ; but he is often thus inaccurate. MALONE.

⁸ The words—*Are we all ready*—seem to belong more properly to Cinna's speech, than to Cæsar's. RITSON.

⁹ *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

² Old copy—*lane* } I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children* ; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.³

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To found more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The

³ Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*: "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with just cause?*" STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading,) rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;
Nor without cause will he be satisfied,*

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuriâ*; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? TYRWHITT.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;⁴
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one⁵
 That unassailable holds on his rank,⁶
 Unshak'd of motion:⁷ and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?⁸

Casca.

⁴ Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNSON.

Apprehensive does not mean, as Johnson explains it, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent*, capable of *apprehending*. M. MASON.

⁵ One and only one. JOHNSON.

⁶ Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course or way*. JOHNSON.

To “*hold on his rank*,” is to *continue to hold it*; and I take *rank* to be the right reading. The word *race*, which Johnson proposes, would but ill agree with the following words, *unshak'd of motion*, or with the comparison to the polar star:—

“Of whose true *fix'd*, and *resting* quality,

“There is no fellow in the firmament.”

Hold on his rank, in one part of the comparison, has precisely the same import with *hold his place*, in the other. M. MASON.

⁷ i. e. *Unshak'd by suit or solicitation*, of which the object is to *move* the person addressed. MALONE.

⁸ I would read:

Do not Brutus bootless kneel! JOHNSON.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality?* STEEVENS.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.⁹

Dec.

And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else:² so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As

⁹ We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

² This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even four negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification.

STEEVENS.

Ait were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.³—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say,

³ To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *wash'd with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar. M. MASON.

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him,
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Serv.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:⁹
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As

⁹ Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too big for the publick safety. JOHNSON.

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
'Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
'Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.²
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compæct mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all,³ and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle;
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
 You

² — crimson'd in thy lethe.] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*. STEEVENS.

³ This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. HENLEY.

You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
 That Antony speak in his funeral :
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission ;
 And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
 And say, you do't by our permission ;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral : And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
 I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 That ever lived in the tide of times.⁴
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;⁵

Domestick

⁴ That is, in the course of times. JOHNSON.

⁵ We should read :

— line of men ;

i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

— kind of men ;

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*,⁶ and let slip⁷ the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

I rather think it should be,
 — *the lives of men* ;
 unless we read :

— *these lymms of men* ;

That is, *these bloodbounds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. JOHNSON.

Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation all over Italy. STEEVENS.

By *men* the speaker means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—“the parts of Italy,” and “in *these* confines.” MALONE.

⁶ A learned correspondent [Sir William Blackstone] has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given. JOHNSON.

⁷ This is a term belonging to the chase. Manwood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. xx. f. 9. says, “—that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there,” &c. REED.

Slips were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismissal. STEEVENS.

To *let slip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time.

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. MALONE.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things,
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS goes
into the rostrum.

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!⁸ hear me for my cause;
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour;
and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: cen-
sure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I
loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar
were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep
for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant,
I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There
is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his
valour;

⁸ There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works a stronger proof of his
not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing
of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in
imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but
no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The antient
laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial,
gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that
for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good
sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a
style of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our authors trowsers or
collar-band would have done. *WARBURTON.*

I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind.
I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech for
so great a man, on so great an occasion. Yet Shakspeare has judiciously
adopted in it the style of Brutus—the pointed sentences and laboured
brevity which he is said to have affected. *M. MASON.*

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the
orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The
speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the
false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity.

STEEVENS.

valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2. *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;

We'll

We'll hear him :—Noble Antony go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are blest'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious :

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause witholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor⁹ to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men:
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins² in his sacred blood;

Yea,

⁹ The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

JOHNSON.

² i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds
of linen. STEEVENS.

Napkin is the northern term for *bandkerchief*, and is used in this sense at
this day in Scotland. Our author frequently uses the word. MALONE.

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4. *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will ! read
the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;

That

That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood,² great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd³ over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity :⁴ these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.⁵

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *Cit.* O woful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody fight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd : revenge ; about,—seek,—
 burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.*

² The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. flourished the sword. STEEVENS.

⁴ Is the impression of pity. STEEVENS.

⁵ To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. MALONE.

To *mar* sometimes signifies to *deface*, and sometimes to destroy.

STEEVENS.

1. *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit,⁶ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To

⁶ The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press) has—*writ*, which in the second folio was properly changed into—*wit*. Dr. Johnson, however, supposes that by *writ* was meant a “penned and premeditated oration.” STEEVENS.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas.⁷

2. *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death,

3. *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber;⁸ he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never.—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses,

Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire,

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

⁷ A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob. STEEVENS.

⁸ The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos, says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote:

On that side Tiber;—

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in *The Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, beyond the Tiber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay. "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this side* of the river 'Tiber.'" FARMER.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,⁹
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;¹
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?

2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do
I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to
answer

⁹ I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c. that
to dream "of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune," &c.

STEEVENS.

¹ i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omen'd weight.

STEEVENS.

answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, fir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Antony's house.*³

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep.

³ Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island; which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A small

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,⁴
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.⁵
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia. HANMER.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereuppon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an island enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holines of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?"

"*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

The passage quoted by Steevens, clearly proves that the scene should be laid in Rome. M. MASON.

It is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONE.

⁴ Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side, to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. condemn him. STEEVENS.

Oct. So you thought him :
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;⁶
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion :⁷ Do not talk of him,
But as a property.⁸ And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct.

⁶ *Objects* means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. MALONE.

⁷ Shakspeare has already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow : “ — He came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle.” STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e., as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please.

STEEVENS.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,⁹
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers:
 TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master?

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge, or by ill officers,² Hath

⁹ An allusion to bear-baiting. STEEVENS.

² The sense of which is this, *Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone.* This implies a doubt which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's saying, *His master was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read:

In his own charge, or by ill officers,
i. e. Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. Charge is so usual a word in Shakespeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

In his own change, or by ill offices,—.

This is, either *changing his inclination of himself,* or *by the ill offices and bad influences of others.* JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption.

STEEVENS.

Brutus

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru.

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account of
the manner in which he had been received by Cassius,

“ Thou hast describ'd

“ *A hot friend cooling.*”

That is, the *change* which Brutus complains of. M. MASON.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs³ softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence⁴ should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas.

³ i. e. your grievances. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. small trifling offence. WAREURTON.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;⁵ I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.⁷

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru.

⁵ This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.

⁶ That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,⁸

By

⁸ This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and

By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.⁹

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If

to use *force* in getting: and *bard hands* signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he wrote *bard hands* in this place, had any deeper meaning than the following line in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Hard-banded men that work in Athens here.”

HOLT WHITE.

⁹ The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me. JOHNSON.

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;²
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
 There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

² I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 78 :

“ Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.” BLACKSTONE.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with such jigging fools?³
Companion, hence.⁴

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

³ i. e. with these silly *poets*. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*

“Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.”

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that “*he had hung himself in chains over our poet's grave*,” having boasted in his preface, that “his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together,” I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above-mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO*!! It is highly probable that many yet have escaped my notice. MALONE.

⁴ *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now fit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru.

No more, I pray you.—

E 3

Messala,

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,⁶
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art⁷ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing

⁶ i. e. at some time or other. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, in theory. MALONE.

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.— You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one,
[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants lie down.]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou bear up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace² upon my boy,

That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!³—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then shall I see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru.

² A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre. STEEVENS.

³ That lights grew dim, or burned blue, at the approach of spectres, was a belief which our author might have found examples of in almost every book of his age that treats of supernatural appearances. STEEVENS.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us[†] at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant.

[†] To warn is to summon. So, in *K. John*:

“Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *King Richard III*:

“And sent to warn them to his royal presence.”

STEEVENS.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,⁵ thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, Long live! hail, Cæsar!

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown,

But

⁵ That is, with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. Fearful is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—producing fear—intimidating. MALONE.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and foundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca,⁶ like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we⁷ in your teeth :

If

⁶ Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho !

Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc.

My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes.

What says my general ?

Cas.

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage,

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign⁸

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

Who to Philippi here consoorted us :

This morning are they fled away, and gone ;

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas.

I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To

⁸ — our former ensign —] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and *superlative*. See *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin ; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

Former is right ; and the meaning—our *fore-ensign*. RITSON.

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas.

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,

Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?⁹

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,²

By

⁹ i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? **WARBURTON.**

² There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence ; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in Sir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily understood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it. **STEEVENS.**

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle ; but as he expresses himself, (p. 91.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. **BLACKSTONE.**

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. **MALONE.**

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech ; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid it down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war ; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.

M. MASON.

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times ; but is roused by the idea of being "led in triumph," to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. **RITSON.**

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:³—arming myself with patience,⁴
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

³ To *prevent* is here used in a French sense—to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. MALONE.

To *prevent*, I believe, has here its common signification. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, adduces this very instance as an example of it.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost: but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c.

JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE II.

*The same. The field of battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. Another part of the field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,

Whether

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;⁵
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit Pindarus.]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light;—O, he 'lights too;—he's ta'en;—and,
hark!

[Shout.]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far

⁵ Our author perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is. MALONE.

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

[Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS,
CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.²

1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;³

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1. *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2. *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare

² i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

³ Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou see'st in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead :
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
 He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli.

I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

[*whispers him.*]

Dar.

I do such a deed ;

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill-request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru.

Why, this, Volumnius :

The

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you,—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.⁴
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.⁵

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So,

⁴ i. e. receive them into my service. So, in *King Lear*: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred." STEEVENS.

⁵ To prefer seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant. REED.

So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.⁶ [Exeunt.

⁶ Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act. MALONE.

ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

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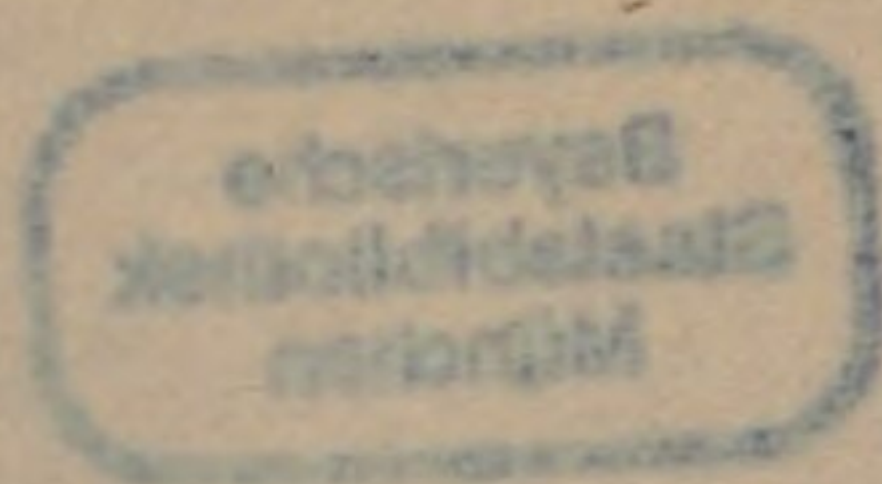
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ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.



*** Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterfon, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Antbony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623.

STEEVENS.

Antony and Cleopatra was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of Antony.*

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to Cæsar.*

Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *Friends of Pompey.*

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*

An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *Attendants on*

Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
Iras,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges² all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a³ gipfy's lust.⁴ Look, where they come !

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

The

² — *reneges* —] Renounces. POPE.

³ *Gipfy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

⁴ In this passage something seems to be wanting. 'The bellows and fan being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written :

— *is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypfy's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the bellows is used both to cool and to kindle.

STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The bellows, as well as the fan, cools the air by ventilation ; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of wind, without attending to the domestick use to which it is commonly applied. MALONE.

Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his reasons for it ill founded. The bellows and the fan have the same effects. When applied to a fire, they increase it ; but when applied to any other warm substance, they cool it. M. MASON.

The triple pillar⁵ of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn⁶ how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.⁷

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. 'Grates me :—The sum.⁸

Cleo. Nay, hear them,⁹ Antony :
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom,² and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ?³ Cæsar's, I would say ?—Both ?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide arch

Of

⁵ *Trifle* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

⁶ Bound or limit. POPE.

⁷ Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

⁸ Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. the *news*. This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as plural. MALONE.

² i. e. subdue, conquer. REED.

³ *Process* here means *summons*. M. MASON.

“ The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *process*, by which a man is called into the court and no more.” Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. *Process*. MALONE.

Of the rang'd empire fall!⁴ Here is my space;
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
 And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,⁵
 We stand up peerless.

[embracing.]

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.⁶—
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,⁷
 Let's not confound the time⁸ with conference harsh:
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom

⁴ Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabrick standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus*, and in *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

The term *range* seems to have been applied in a peculiar sense to mason-work in our author's time. MALONE.

⁵ To know. POPE.

⁶ *But*, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. Antony, says the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. Unless-kept, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*. JOHNSON.

What could Cleopatra mean by saying *Antony will recollect his thoughts*? What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy in which she wished to keep him. By *Antony will be himself*, she means to say, "that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia." To which he replies, *If but stirr'd by Cleopatra*; that is, if moved to it in the slightest degree by her.

M. MASON.

⁷ For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love.

MALONE.

⁸ i. e. let us not consume the time. MALONE.

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
 No messenger; but thine and all alone,
 To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and not
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
 That he approves the common liar,⁹ who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
 almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you
 praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which,
 you say, must change his horns with garlands!²

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
 A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

⁹ Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, *fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. MALONE.

² This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*must charge his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change for horns his garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes of garlands*. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver³ with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a child at fifty,⁴ to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage :⁵ find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth.

³ To know why the lady is so averse from *beating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.

JOHNSON.

The *liver* was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, " She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated." M. MASON.

⁴ This is one of Shakspeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. STEEVENS.

⁵ Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea ; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-berod's Herod*." And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that " not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry ;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. STEEVENS.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.⁶

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:⁷ Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile⁸ every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch.⁹

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char.

⁶ This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

⁷ If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* —JOHNSON.

A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. STEEVENS.

⁸ For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all; that is, and if I should tell all.* And is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*. JOHNSON.

⁹ From a common proverbial reproach to silly ignorant females:—*"You'll never be burnt for a witch."* STEEVENS.

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mef. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar ;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.²

Ant.

Well,

What worst ?

Mef. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mef.

Labienuſ

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates ;³
His conquering banner ſhook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia ;
Whilst——

Ant.

Antony, thou would'ſt ſay,—

Mef.

O, my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe ; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill ;⁴ and our illſ told us,

Is

² *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb, to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Leſſer Aſia. WARBURTON.

To *extend*, is a term uſed for to *ſeize* ; I know not whether that be not the ſenſe here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right, and Mr. Tollet is of the ſame opinion. STEEVENS.

⁴ The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not vented by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has propoſed to read—*minds*. It is at leaſt a conjecture that deſerves to be mentioned.

Dr. Johnson, however, might in ſome degree have countenanced his explanation by a ſimilar epithet, that occurs twice in the *Iliad*—*ἀνεμοτρεφές* ; literally, *wind-nouriſhed*. In the firſt inſtance, L. XI. 256. it is applied to the tree of which a ſpear had been made ; in the ſecond, L. XV. 625. to a *wave*, impelled upon a ſhip. STEEVENS.

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.
Ant.]

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in page 122. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45: "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earring* nor harvest." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context.—Dr. Johnson hath considered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *be*, figuratively, is the *idle soil*; the MALICE that *speaks bome*, the *quick*, or cutting *winds*, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; while our ILLS (that is *the TRUTH* faithfully) *told us*; a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is as our *EARING*; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which "the tyrannous breathings of the north" would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow.

HENLEY.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I must inform Mr. Henley that I received it from an Essex farmer; observing at the same time, that in different counties the same terms are differently applied. Mr. Henley is not apt to suspect there is any thing which, at a single glance, he does not perfectly understand, and therefore his remarks are ushered in with as little diffidence as can well be expressed. For one piece of knowledge, however, (in common with the rest of the world) I shall think myself still further obliged to him. Will he be kind enough to tell us what sort of winds they are which cut off the weeds and spare the flowers, destroy the noxious but leave the salutary plants without an injury? The winter of 1788-9 was as hard a one as
has

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2. *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter

has been hitherto remembered; but I could not discover by my own attention, or from the report of others, that the garden or the field had one weed the less for its severity. Let me do justice, however, to the general turn of Mr. Henley's note, which is very ingenious, and perhaps is right.

STEEVENS.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *ear'ing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: "When our pregnant *minds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *still*, is little better than nonsense. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:

"The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because "the ridges, left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows*;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, [*minds*] and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"not ventilated by quick winds," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited.—Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive." Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians."—&c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds* in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning. MALONE.

The observations of six commentators are here exhibited. To offer an additional line on this subject, (as the messenger says to Lady Macduff) "were fell cruelty" to the reader. STEEVENS.

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2. *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2. *Mef.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*gives a Letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself:⁷ she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back,⁸ that shov'd her on,

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

⁷ The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the west, becomes *the opposite of itself*. WARBURTON.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus: *What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undefireable and disagreeable.* TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

⁸ The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* HEATH.

Could, would and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:⁹ I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein,² that

⁹ For less reason; upon meaner motives. JOHNSON.

² I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, They show to man the tailors of the earth; comforting him therein, &c. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; It shows to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them, &c.

that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience³ to the queen,
And get her love to part.⁴ For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,⁵
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home:⁶ Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMUS.

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

³ *Expedience* for expedition. WARBURTON.

⁴ I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards:

“ ‘Would she had never given you *leave* to come!’ ”

M. MASON.

The old reading may mean—*And prevail on her love to consent to our separation.* STEEVENS.

I suspect the author wrote: And get her *leave* to part.

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer.

MALONE.

⁵ Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

The empire of the sea : our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair,² hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.³

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—
 I did not send you ;³—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*
Char.]

² Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

TOLLET.

³ Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—
 “ whose places under us,” and “ require.” MALONE.

I shall read the passage thus :

— Say our pleasure
 To such ~~who've~~ places under us, requires
 Our quick remove, &c.

The amendment is as slight as that adopted by the editor, and makes the sense more clear. M. MASON.

I concur with Mr. Malone. Before I had seen his note, I had explained these words exactly in the same manner. STEEVENS.

³ You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.

JOHNSON.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go ;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;

Bliss

Bliss in our brows' bent;⁴ none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:⁵ They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use⁶ with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,⁷
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?⁸

Ant.

⁴ i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly* origin.

MALONE.

⁶ The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. should render my going ~~not~~ dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald instead of *safe*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*. MALONE.

— *safe* my going, is the true reading. STEEVENS.

⁸ That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be*

Ant. She's dead, my queen :
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ;⁹ at the last, best :
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water ?² Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy foldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves.³

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt :⁴ Good now, play one scene

Of

an end of your excuses ? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure ? She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die ? I will not believe it. RITSON.

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed ? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. the commotion she occasioned. STEEVENS.

In Cawdrey's Alphabetical Table of hard Words, 8vo. 1604, garboile is explained by the word burlyburly. MALONE.

² Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony.

STEEVENS

⁴ To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman⁵ does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.⁶

Ant.

⁵ Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.* *Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful.

If too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes:

Ob me! oblivion is a very Antony, &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the west of England.

HENLEY.

Ob my,—in the provincial sense of it, is only an imperfect exclamation of—*Ob my God!* The decent exclainer always stops before the sacred name is pronounced. Could such an exclamation therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra? STEEVENS.

The sense of the passage appears to me to be this. “O, my oblivion, as if it were another Antony, possesses me so entirely, that I quite forget myself.” M. MASON.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage is just. Dr. Johnson says, that “it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her.” It certainly was; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.⁷

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It

⁷ i.e. But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth,
in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest. That this is the
sense is shown by her answer:

'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this.—WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarse one. The sense may
be:—But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation,
I should take you for idleness itself.

Or an antithesis may be designed between royalty and subject.—But that
I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to
you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very
genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But
perhaps your subject rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you
can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of
coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should
suppose you yourself were this capricious being. MALONE.

It is not Cæsar's natural voice to hate
 One great competitor;⁸ From Alexandria
 This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
 A man, who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
 Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness;⁹ hereditary,
 Rather than purchas'd;² what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to fit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
 (As his composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish,³) yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear

So

⁸ Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read, "*Our* great competitor," as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. M. MASON.

⁹ If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:

— spots on ermine,

Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

² Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

³ This seems inconsequent; I read:

And his composure, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him, he must have in him something very uncommon, yet, &c. JOHNSON.

So great weight in his lightness.⁴ If he fill,
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't:⁵ but, to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,⁶
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears, he is lov'd of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar!⁷ to the ports
 The discontents repair,⁸ and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.⁹ This common body,

Like

⁴ The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.

⁵ *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.* JOHNSON.

⁶ For this Hanmer, who thought the maturity of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put:

— *who, immature in knowledge:*

but the words *experience* and *judgement* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.* JOHNSON.

⁷ Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

⁸ That is, the *malecontents*. MALONE.

⁹ Old copy—*fear'd.*] Let us examine the sense of this [as it stood]

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself² with motion.³

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear⁴ and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't,⁵ and flush youth⁶ revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,

Than

in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:*

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*. ” WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—“ *ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love?* ” I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till *not* worth love. MALONE.

² The word—*itself*, is, I believe, an interpolation, being wholly useless to the sense, and injurious to the measure. STEEVENS.

³ Old copy—*lashing*] But how can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. 'Tis true, there is no sense in the old reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain:

— Lackeying *the varying tide*,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lackey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

⁴ To *ear*, is to *plough*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turbervile's *Falconry*, 1575:

“ — because I have a larger field to *ear*. ” STEEVENS.

⁵ Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassels.⁷ When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou flew'st
 Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle⁸
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
 Was borne so like a foldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean
 time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To

⁷ *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word see *Macbeth*. The old copy, however, reads—*vassailles*.

STEEVENS.

Vassals is, without question, the true reading. HENLEY.

⁸ There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers. HENLEY.

To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.²

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where

⁹ That is, to be my bounden duty. M. MASON.

² A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep.

JOHNSON.

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *mandragoras*: "Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowfie and sleeping power thereof." PERCY.

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
 Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
 O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
 Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
 The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
 And burgonet of men.³—He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
 For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,⁴
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch: And great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.⁵—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
 This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
 Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,

And

³ A burgonet is a kind of helmet. STEEVENS.

⁴ Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar*.

STEEVENS.

—*Broad-fronted*, in allusion to Cæsar's baldness. HENLEY.

⁵ Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

And soberly did mount a termagant steed,⁶

Who

⁶ Old copy—*arm-gaunt*] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

“His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode.”

WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantries, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean for want*, ill-fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hammer reads:

— *arm-girt steed*. JOHNSON.

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear, that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnson must have look'd into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: “I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*.” MALONE.

I suppose there must be some error in the passage, and should amend it by reading

And soberly did mount a *termagant* steed,
That neigh'd, &c.

Termagant means *furious*. So Douglas, in *Henry IV.* is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted composedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded post-horse, would not have done. M. MASON.

When I first met with Mr. Mason's conjecture, I own I was startled at its boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it, its appearance in the present text of Shakspeare will sufficiently prove.

It ought to be observed, in defence of this emendation, that the word *termagaunt* (originally the proper name of a clamorous Saracenic deity) did not, without passing through several gradations of meaning, become appropriated (as at present) to a turbulent female.

Let the critick who can furnish a conjecture, nearer than *termagaunt* to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt*, or can make any change productive of sense more apposite and commodious, displace Mr. M. Mason's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered among the *feliciter audentia* of criticism, and meets at least with my own unequivocal approbation.

STEEVENS.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!⁸—But, come, away:

Get

⁷ i. e. in such quick succession. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

WARBURTON.

Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.²

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,

Salt

⁹ By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

² The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.* JOHNSON.

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!³
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for further travel.⁴

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
 For such a petty war: his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow⁵ pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men.

³ In the old edition it is

—— thy wand lip!

Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle.

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon in its beauty.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography [or that of his ignorant publishers] often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *wild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full.

PERCY.

⁴ i. e. since he quitted Ægypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Ægypt to Rome.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. STEEVENS.

Men. I cannot hope,⁶
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square⁷ between themselves ;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
 Our lives upon,⁸ to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*⁹

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,

I would

⁶ Mr. Tyrwhitt, the judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in five vols. 8vo. 1775, &c. observes that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, *quarrel*. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. to exert our utmost force, is the only *consequential* way of securing our lives. STEEVENS.

⁹ This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

I would not shav't to-day.⁹

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here,² to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the fourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.³

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should

⁹ I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.*

JOHNSON.

Plutarch mentions that Antony "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvellous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts.

MALONE.

² i. e. if we come to a lucky *composition*, agreement. STEVENS.

³ Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference.

JOHNSON.

I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant.

Thank you.

Cæs.

Sit.

Ant.

Sit, sir!⁴

Cæs.

Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs.

I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state,⁵ your being in Egypt
Might be my question.⁶

Ant.

How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation

Was

4 Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay, then*—i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered*. And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian. JOHNSON.

⁵ To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems.

STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. MALONE.

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.⁴

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act:⁵ I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,⁶
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having

4 The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

— and their contestation

Was them'd for you,

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

— their contestation

Had theme from you, you were the word of war.

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

— their contestation

You were theme for, you were the word— JOHNSON.

Was theme for you, I believe means only, *was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan*; as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i:

“ — throw forth greater themes

“ For insurrection's arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ — the theme of our assembly.”

STEEVENS.

I should suppose that some of the words in this sentence have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus:

— and for contestation

Their theme was you; you were the word of war.

M. MASON.

⁵ i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

⁶ Reports for reporters. Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, 1181, uses records for vouchers; and in *King Richard II.* our author has wrongs for wrongers. STEEVENS.

Having alike your cause?⁷ Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,⁸
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted⁹ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:²
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno.

⁷ The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me*. But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

— Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Hating alike our cause? JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.

STEEVENS.

⁸ The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — 'fronted —] i. e. *Opposed*. JOHNSON.

² Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.

By the words, you *had* her spirit, &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant, you were *united to*, or possessed of, a woman with her spirit. MALONE.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day, I told him of myself;³ which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No. Lepidus, let him speak; The honour's sacred⁴ which he talks on now,

Supposing

³ i.e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. **WARBURTON.**

⁴ Sacred, for unbroken, unviolated. **WARBURTON.**

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus; *The honour which he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated, I never lacked it.* This perhaps may be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.* **JOHNSON.**

Antony, in my opinion, means to say,—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my

Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it :⁵ Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs⁶ between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.⁷

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it
again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant.

my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. MALONE.

I do not think that either Johnson's or Malone's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this:—
“Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but in the midst of dissipation neglected to send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement.”—The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on*; and the line should be pointed thus :

The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. M. MASON.

⁵ Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MALONE.

⁶ i. e. grievances. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. reconcile you. STEEVENS.

Ant. Thou art a foldier only ; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your confiderate ſtone.⁸

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech :⁹ for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar, —

Cæſ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd² of raſhneſs.

Ant.

⁸ This line is paſſed by all the editors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible meaning. I would therefore read :

Go to then, you conſiderate ones.

You who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, go to, do your own buſineſs. JOHNSON.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the ſenſe rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

“ — your conſiderateſt one.”

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever uſed in the ſuperlative degree ; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned.

BLACKSTONE.

⁹ I do not, ſays Cæſar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition, *for it cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendship : yet if it were poſſible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

² In the old edition :

—— your proof

Were well deſerv'd ———

which Mr. Theobald, with his uſual triumph, changes to *approve*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inſerted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

That

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live

To

That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well
deserve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo.

M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of
many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's
ear deceiving him. MALONE.

To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;³
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon u :
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land ?

Cæs. Great, and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most⁴ gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—my
honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, and
made the night light with drinking.

Mec.

³ Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. greatest. STEEVENS.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square⁵ to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purfed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.⁶

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus,⁷ where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.⁸

Agr.

⁵ i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits.

STEEVENS.

⁶ This passage is a strange instance of negligence and inattention in Shakspeare. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that, whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper.

M. MASON.

⁷ Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.

WARBURTON.

⁸ It might be read less harshly:

And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

The

Agr.

O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,⁹
And made their bends adornings:² at the helm

A seem-

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seem'd to produce.

MALONE.

⁹ Perhaps *tended her* by th' eyes, discovered her will by her eyes.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps this expression as it stands in the text, may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation.

STEEVENS.

² This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus; her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves; at which time the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote:

And made their bends adorings.

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

There are few passages in these plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators seem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, be just, the obvious meaning of the succeeding line will be, that in paying their obeisance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was so graceful, that it added to their beauty.

Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, instead of *adornings*, would render the passage less poetical, and it cannot express the sense he wishes for, without an alteration; for although, as Steevens justly observes, the verb *adore* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic writers in the sense of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to adorn* was reciprocally used in the sense of *to adore*. Tollet's explanation is ill imagined; for though the

A seeming mermaid steers; the filken tackle

Swell

word *band* might formerly have been spelled with an *e*, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the scene, they would be more likely to eclipse than to encrease the charms of their mistress. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is just as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add lustre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man must have felt; and it must be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* must necessarily refer to her gentlewomen: and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings.—But all these explanations, from the first to the last, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a supposition that the passage is correct, and that the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, must mean that her attendants watched her eyes and from them received her commands. How those words can, by any possibly construction, imply that meaning, the editors have not shown, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if such arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we shall be able to extort what sense we please from any combination of words.—The passage, as it stands, appears to me to be wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the guise,
And made their bends, adornings.

In the guise, means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says,

“ ——— at the helm

“ A seeming mermaid steers.” M. MASON.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the guise of a shepherd, of a friar, or of a Nereid. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her “in the guise,” without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. If the word the commentator would introduce, had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*,

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That

Nereides, Shakspeare would most probably have said—"tended her in *that* guise;—at least he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—"in *the* guise" seems unreducible to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar.—Besides, when our poet had absolutely declared these women were like *Nereides* or *Mermaids*, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea, were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a graceful curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expence of providing characteristick tails for any set of mimick *Nereids*, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so "as to render them a grace instead of a deformity." In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of *Nereus*, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the *Cydnus*) has styled *Cleopatra* his *Tbetis*, a goddess whose train of *Nereids* is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a *Nereid's* tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth in his *Print of Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn*. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

— *ut turpiter atrum*

Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel, was likewise a *Mermaid* or *Nereid*; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these (notwithstanding in support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of bolster'd hips and cork rumps,

That yarely from the office.⁴ From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone⁵ to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr.

Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr.

rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter,—“made their *ends* adornings;”—and though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress —“Always, madam, up with your *end*”) I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor's fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over the unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images.—BOWS, GROUPS, EYES, and TAILS.

STEEVENS.

I think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*. WARBURTON.

But for vacancy, means, for fear of a vacuum. MALONE.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety:⁶ Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.⁷

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments. STEEVENS.

⁷ Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in *The Spanish Tragedy*, says:

“ Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*

“ Drew forth the manner of my life and death.” FARMER.

Lottery for *allotment*. HENLEY.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!⁸

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue :⁹ But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel

Becomes

⁸ Both the sense and grammar require that we should read *hither*, instead of *thither*. To come *hither* is English, but to come *thither* is not. The Soothsayer advises Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome ; because when they were together, Cæsar's genius had the ascendant over his. M. MASON.

⁹ i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my *notion*.

Becomes a Fear,² as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails³ ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.⁴ I will to Egypt:

And

² Mr. Upton reads:

Becomes afear'd,——

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

“—— and then a *Fear*:

“Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”——

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person:

“I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.” *Exodus*. STEEVENS.

³ The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

⁴ Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed*, *confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read:

Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds.—— JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

“He sets cocke *on* the hoope,” *in*, you would say;

“For cocking *in boopes* is now all the play.” FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as in *As you like it*, Celia says: “——and after that *out of all whooping*.” STEEVENS.

At odds was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount⁵
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food⁶
Of us that trade in love.

Attend.

⁵ i. e. Mount *Misenum*. STEEVENS.

Our author probably wrote—*a'the mount*. MALONE.

⁶ The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmoedig Volk*, [great-minded nation.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick.

JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

Attend.

The musick, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.**Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards:⁷

Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though it come too
short

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—*Enter a Messenger.*Ram⁸ thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.*Mes.*

⁷ This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

⁸ *Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. In the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*.—The quotation from *Julius Cæsar* does not support the old reading at all, the idea being perfectly distinct. RITSON.

Mes.

Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes.

First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark; We
use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.*Cleo.*

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.²*Mes.*

Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar,³ or not captive to him,

I'll

⁹ The old copies have not the adverb—*why*; but, as Mr. M. Mason observes, somewhat was wanting in the second of these lines, both to the sense and to the metre. He has, therefore, no doubt but the passage ought to run thus:

— *If Antony**Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour**To utter, &c.*

I have availed myself of this necessary expletive, which I find also in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition. STEEVENS.

² Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man in his senses. *Informal* women in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves. STEEVENS.

A *formal* man, I believe, only means a man in form, i. e. shape. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man.

MALONE.

³ The old copy reads—'tis well. MALONE.

We surely should read *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him. TYRWHITT.

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.⁹

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;² fye upon *but yet*:

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack³ of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo.

⁴ That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*; so Milton:

“ — the gorgeous east with liberal hand

“ Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.”

In the *Life of Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by *Monf. Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i.
“ *Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleins mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coutume.*” *WARBURTON.*

² i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported.

STEEVENS.

³ A late editor [Mr. Capell] reads: *thy* pack. *REED.*

I believe our author wrote—*thy* pack. *The*, *thee*, and *thy*, are frequently confounded in the old copy. *MALONE.*

Cleo.

What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mes.

Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [Draws a dagger.]*Mes.*

Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;⁴
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents' scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.*Cleo.*

I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;⁵ since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come, hither, sir.

⁴ i. e. contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd,⁶ and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?⁷—Get thee
hence:

The

⁶ *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. STEEVENS.

⁷ Old copy:—

That art not what thou'rt sure of. STEEVENS.

For this, which is not easily understood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given:

That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that his faults should make a knave of thee,

That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't. Get thee hence:

That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not? Thou art then sure of this marriage.—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

JOHNSON.

A proper

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia,⁸ her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:⁹—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go :²—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:³—Bid you Alexas [To MARDIAN.
Bring

A proper punctuation, with the addition of a single letter, will make this passage clear ; the reading of *sure of't* instead of *sure of*.

O, that his fault should make a rogue of thee

That art not !—What? thou'rt *sure of't*?

That is, What? are you sure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia? M. MASON.

I have adopted the arrangement, &c. proposed, with singular acuteness, by Mr. M. Mason ; and have the greater confidence in it, because I received the very same emendation from a gentleman who had never met with the work in which it first occurred. STEEVENS.

⁸ By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general.

STEEVENS.

⁹ This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair* ; as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded. HENLEY.

² She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

³ In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says :

“ Let

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to.—Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENO-BARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent :
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would
Have one man but a man ? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant

To

“ Let him for ever go :—Let him *not*—Charmian,—

“ Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

“ T' other way he's a Mars.”—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus :

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmian ;

Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us,⁴ Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,⁵
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,⁶) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,

Which

⁴ Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

⁵ Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. STEEVENS.

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. 'The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;⁷
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do,

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.⁸

Pom. I know thee now ; how far'ft thou, soldier ?

Eno.

Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four beasts are toward.

Pom.

⁷ Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

⁸ i. e. To Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty.—[*aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.⁹

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me :² though it
cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety :
you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your
hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might
take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands
are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men.

⁹ i. e. been acquainted. STEEVENS.

² The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's : and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion. WARBURTON.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity; Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.³

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

*Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*⁴

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants⁵ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.⁶

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁷ he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan⁸ I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.⁹

A sennet

⁴ A banquet in our author's time frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our banquet after dinner." MALONE.

⁵ Plants, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

⁶ A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

⁷ A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*. WARBURTON.

⁸ A pike. JOHNSON.

⁹ This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks. JOHNSON.

The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this.—That a man called into a high sphere without being seen to move in it, is a sight

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile⁸

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,⁹ if dearth,
Or foizon, follow:² The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedfman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep.

as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without eyes to fill them. M. MASON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which *empty* sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves, is an expression which Shakspeare has often used. MALONE.

⁸ Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says, "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." *Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V. c. ix.* REED.

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from *Leo's History of Africa*, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600.

MALONE.

⁹ i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

² *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEEVENS.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun : so your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things ;³ without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear : What is't ?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.* And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like it self ; and it is as broad as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang ! Tell me of that ? away !

Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for ?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter ?

[*rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : What's else to say ?

Be

³ *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time.

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,⁴
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,⁵
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside.]
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes⁶ more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant.

⁴ i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. confederates, partners. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that
has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNSON.

Palled is a word of which the etymology is unknown. Perhaps, says
Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, it is only a corruption of *paled*, and was
originally applied to colours. STEEVENS.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,⁷ ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [to ANTONY.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—

The

⁷ Try whether the casks sound as empty. JOHNSON.

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other*, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, *chink glasses*.
STEEVENS.

Vessels probably mean *kettle-drums*, which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, "make battery to our ears with the loud music." They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet*.

Dr. Johnson's explanation degrades this feast of *the lords of the whole world* into *custick revel*. HOLT WHITE.

The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;
The holding every man shall bear,⁸ as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :⁹
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks, the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,²—But what ? we are friends :
Come,

⁸ Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading. To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day. *Loud as his sides can volley*, means, *with the utmost exertion of his voice*. So we say, he laughed till he split his sides. M. MASON.

⁹ Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes* : eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus.

STEEVENS.

² The historian Paterculus says : “ ——— cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita : Qui baud absurdè, cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit : in carinis suis se cœnam dare ; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.” Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story.

WARBURTON.

The

Come, down into the boat.

Eno.

Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men.

No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, found out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men.

Ho!—noble captain!

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;³ and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,⁴
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil.

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven.

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, could not be found in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. STEEVENS.

³ Alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
 Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
 Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
 More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
 That without which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction.^s Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 That ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what haste
 The weight we must convey with us will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along. [*Exeunt.*]

^s *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed : but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages : and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!⁴

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,⁵ cannot
Think, speak, call, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are is shards, and he their beetle.⁶ So,—

[*Trumpets.*
This

⁴ The phoenix. JOHNSON.

⁵ Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground. STEEVENS.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band⁷
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,⁸ the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee,⁹ and make

Thy

⁷ As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and bond in our author's time were synonymous. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. scrupulous. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.*

STEEVENS.

Surely this expression means no more than, *I wish you a good voyage;* Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens.

HOLT WHITE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is too profound to be just.

OCTAVIA

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;²
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound,³ he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.⁴

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You

Octavia was about to make a long journey both by *land* and by *water*. Her brother wishes that both these elements may prove kind to her; and this is all. M. MASON.

² A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. STEEVENS.

³ To *confound* is to destroy. MALONE.

⁴ *Believe it, till I weep too.*] I have ventured to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it*, (says Enobarbus,) *that Antony did so*, i. e. *that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Theobald reads—*till I wept too.*

STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

171

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, fir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?⁵

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.⁶

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!——

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;
Her motion and her station⁷ are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo.

⁵ This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his *Memoirs*, may probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

STEEVENS.

I see no probability that Shakspeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made publick for above threescore years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches.

RITSON.

⁶ It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*,) tall of stature, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her voice loud and shrill." MALONE.

It may be remarked, however, that when Cleopatra applies the epithet "shrill-tongued" to Fulvia, it is not introduced by way of compliment to the wife of Antony. STEEVENS.

The quality of the voice is referred to, as a criterion similar to that, already noticed, of the hair. HENLEY.

⁷ Station, in this instance, means the act of standing. STEEVENS.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesſ at her years, I pr'ythee.

Meſ. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.⁸

Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.

Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.—Her hair, what colour?

Meſ. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low⁹
As ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Meſſenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That ſo I harry'd him.² Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char.

⁸ Cleopatra rejoices in this circumſtance, as it ſets Octavia on a level
with herſelf, who was no virgin, when ſhe fell to the lot of Antony.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Low foreheads were in Shakspeare's age thought a blemiſh. So, in
The Tempeſt:

“—with foreheads villainous low.” MALONE.

The phraſe employed by the Meſſenger, is ſtill a cant one. I once
overheard a chambermaid ſay of her rival,—“that her legs were as thick
as ſhe could wiſh them.” STEEVENS.

² To *barry*, is to uſe roughly. Holinſhed, p. 735, ſpeaking of the body
of Richard III. ſays, it was “barried on horſeback, dead.”

STEEVENS.

To *barry*, is, literally, to *bunt*. Hence the word *barrier*.—King
James threatened the Puritans that “he would *barry* them out of the
land.” HENLEY.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.³

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray,⁴ O, *bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant.

³ Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

⁴ The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*. STEEVENS.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself : better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother ; Make your soonest haste ;
 So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be ⁵
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old ; What is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst
 Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ;⁶ would not let him
 partake

⁵ The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

⁶ Equal rank. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "the rivals" of his watch. STEEVENS.

partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal,⁷ seizes him : So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?⁸

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns The rush that lies before him ; cries, *Fool, Lepidus !* And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;⁹ My lord desires you presently : my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught : But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more ; In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,— I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publickly enthron'd : at the feet, fat

Cæsarion,

⁷ To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

⁸ Old copy—*Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony ?* This is obscure, I read it thus :

*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

⁹ I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
 And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
 Of lower Cyria, Cyprus, Lydia,²
 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
 His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience
 As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should

² For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.

JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597,* will be seen at once the origin of this mistake. — "First of all he did establisth Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria." FARMER.

The present reading is right,—for in page 179, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus. M. MASON.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated :

" 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,

" That Latin French, that French to English fraid :

" Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,

" Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France." FARMER.

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
'That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs.

Which soon he granted,

Being

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.³

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war:⁴ He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till

³ Old copy—*abstract*] Antony very soon comply'd to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We must read:

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra. WARBURTON.

I am by no means certain that this change was necessary. Mr. Henley pronounces it to be "needless and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense." One of the meanings of *abstracted* is—*separated, disjoined*; and therefore our poet, with his usual license, might have used it for a *disjunctive*. I believe there is no such substantive as *obstruct*: Besides we say, an obstruction *to* a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.

As Mr. Malone, however, is contented with Dr. Warburton's reading, I have left it in our text. STEEVENS.

⁴ Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment^s to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
 Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo.

^s *Regiment*, is, *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his *empire* into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Trull is used in the First Part of *King Henry VI.* as synonymous to *barlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679.—There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here.

MALONE.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers.

Mecænas, however, by this appellation, most certainly means no compliment to Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being⁶ in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost;⁷ the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?⁸—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we

Will

⁶ To *forspeak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

To *forspeak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. entirely, absolutely lost. STEEVENS.

⁸ To *take in* is to gain by conquest. STEEVENS.

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us ⁹ to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse;—We'll to our ship;

Enter

⁹ i. e. because he dares us. STEEVENS.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy foldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:² So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.³

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,⁴ as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

² That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely his *land force*;) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson refers the word *on't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the speech before us. MALONE.

³ Perhaps this phrase is from archery. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—he would have *carried* you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half." STEEVENS.

⁴ Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes
forth,⁵

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' fide o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over
the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other
way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:

The Antoniad,⁶ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

⁵ i. e. emits as in parturition. STEEVENS.

⁶ Which, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

Enter

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle⁷ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁸ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid⁹ nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake!² i' the midst o' the fight,—

When

⁷ A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— token'd ———] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619:
“A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture.

JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. STEEVENS.

I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald*; and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for.

By *ribald*, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not “every lewd fellow,” as Mr. Steevens has explained it. MALONE.

I believe we should read—*bag*. What follows seems to prove it:

“—— She once being loof'd,

“The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,

“Claps on his sea-wing.”—— TYRWHITT.

Odd as this use of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily used in the same manner. HENLEY.

The brieze, or æstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

² *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

“*Contaminato cum grege turpium*

“*Morbo virorum.*” JOHNSON.

Leprosy

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her,³ like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld : mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,⁴
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
Indeed. *[aside.]*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; fix kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Leues venerea* was distinguished. STEEVENS.

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy, or elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “ a peculiar maladie, and naturall to the *Ægyptians* ; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people : for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure.” *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI. c. i. REED.

³ The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. STEEVENS.

⁴ To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony,⁵ though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither
I am so lated in the world,⁶ that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:

I will

⁵ I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chase of Antony, —

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased* and *wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand. JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as *the broken fortunes of Antony*. The old reading is indisputably the true one.

Mr. Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In *Othello* we have a phrase somewhat similar to *wounded chance*; viz. "*mangled matter*."

STEEVENS.

⁶ Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—

Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,²

Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer ;³ while I struck

The

² I am not maker of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ Tell her, the king, that may *command*, *entreats*.”

MALONE.

³ In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practice at Christmas. STEEVENS.

Sword dances at Christmas are not peculiar to Northumberland ; they are common to the adjoining counties ; and are, not without the greatest probability, supposed to have descended from the Romans. In these dances the sword points are generally over the shoulders of the performers. Antony means, that Cæsar stood inactive with his sword on his shoulder.

RITSON.

The Goths in one of their dances held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them ?

TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it

'The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended :⁴ he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,⁵ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualitied⁶ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;

Her

it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“ I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
“ Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
“ Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
“ But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

⁴ Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*.
WARBURTON.

⁵ I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shakspeare represents him, in the next act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself. M. MASON.

⁶ I suppose she means, he is *unsoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage in *Othello*, in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service :

“ —My heart's subdued
“ Even to the very *quality* of my lord.” MALONE.

Perhaps, *unqualitied*, only signifies *unmanned* in general, *disarmed of his usual faculties*, without any particular reference to soldiership.

STEEVENS.

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but⁷
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame⁸ out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,⁹
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—

Some

⁷ *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*.
JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification. If
it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have written,
according to his usual practices, *make*. MALONE.

⁸ How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your
fight. JOHNSON.

⁹ That is, by the *heart-string*. JOHNSON.

Some wine, within there, and our viands :—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,² and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster :³
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.⁴

Cæs.

² In the old copy always—*Tbidias*. STEEVENS.

³ The name of this person was *Euphronius*. STEEVENS.

He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra. MALONE.

⁴ Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read :

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read :—*the* grand sea.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his full tide of prosperity. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher ;

“ ———— though I know

“ His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

This is a playhouse tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt : “ Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, “ *immensa æquorum vastitas*.”

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies⁵ for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,⁶
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [to THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs.

I may add, that Sir John Mandevile, p. 89. calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "*the grete see.*" The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more likely to be right, than Steevens's explanation. M. MASON.

I believe the last is the right explanation. HENLEY.

The last of Mr. Steevens's explanations certainly gives the sense of Shakspeare. If *his* be not used for *its*, he has made a person of the *Morn-drop*. RITSON.

⁵ The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. paramour. STEEVENS.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;⁷
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.⁸

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship;⁹ at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question:² 'Twas a shame no less

Than

⁷ That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.
JOHNSON.

⁸ Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

⁹ i. e. set the mark of folly on it. STEEVENS.

² The *mered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except:

The mooted question.—

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a boundary, and the *meered* question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed* boundary. JOHNSON.

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that case, the *meered* question might mean, the only cause of the dispute—the only subject of the quarrel.

M. MASON.

Mered is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere*: he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. MALONE.

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb.

Ay, my lord.

Ant.

'The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant.

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo.

That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons³ apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,

Ourselfes

³ I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote,

— his gay *comparisons*.

Let him “unstate his happiness,” let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Comparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for an *ornamental dress*.

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. MALONE.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should

Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and AMB.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,⁴
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes ;⁵ and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.⁶ [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools,⁷ does make

Our

should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading :

“ ——— that he should dream,
“ Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
“ Answer his emptiness!” M. MASON.

⁴ Be *stag'd to show*,—that is, *exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze.* HENLEY.

⁵ i. e. as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. to quarrel. STEEVENS.

⁷ After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: “ Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools ; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror.” I therefore read :

Though *loyalty, well held to fools, does make*
Our faith mere folly— THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading : Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald ; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

Our faith mere folly : — Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So. —

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreáts,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.⁸

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff

To

⁸ i. e. Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar : That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARBURTON.

To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation²
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath³ I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr.

² The poet certainly wrote:

*Say to great Cæsar this; In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:*

i. e. by proxy; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to dispute or contend with him. To dispute may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*, “Dispute it like a man;” and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is disputing or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*,—“For though my soul disputes well with my sense.”—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—“by deputation.” STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *deputation* is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural construction that any sense can be extorted from the words as they stand. It is not necessary to read *by deputation*, instead of *in*. That amendment indeed would render the passage more strictly grammatical, but Shakspeare is, frequently, at least as licentious in the use of his particles.

M. MASON.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by deputation* is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

³ *Doom* is declared rather by an *all commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I suppose we ought to read:

—*all-obeyed breath*. JOHNSON.

All-obeying breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. MALONE.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace ⁴ to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man,⁵ and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and
 devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
 Like boys unto a mufs,⁶ kings would start forth,
 And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
 Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So faucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name
 Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
 Bring

⁴ Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

⁵ The most complete, and perfect. MALONE.

⁶ i. e. a scramble. POPE.

Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him. — [*Exeunt Att. with THYREUS.*
 You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
 Have I my pillow left unprefs'd in Rome,
 Foreborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
 By one that looks on feeders?⁷

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out:⁸—For, I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
 My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan,⁹ to outroar
 The horned herd!² for I have savage cause;

And

⁷ One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant.

STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage the true one. MALONE.

⁸ Luxuriously means wantonly. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is from Psalm lxxviii. 15. "As the hill of Basan, so is God's hill: even an high hill, as the hill of Basan." STEEVENS.

² It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

The

And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare³ about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1. Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1. Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me:⁴ Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?⁵

Cleo.

The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from Psalm xxii. 12. "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side."

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. ready, nimble, adroit. STEEVENS.

⁴ To repay me this insult; to requite me. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose were fastened. MALONE.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines,⁶ so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!⁷
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,⁸ threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd,² hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky,³ men did ransom lives

Of

⁶ That is, as the hailstone dissolves. M. MASON.

⁷ Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Float* was a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,
—— and fleet,—— JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. *Float* and *fleet* were synonymous.

STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for
float. TYRWHITT.

⁹ *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.*

MALONE.

² Antony means to say, that he will be treble-hearted, and treble-
breath'd, as well as treble finew'd. MALONE.

³ *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather seems to be, just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish.

So

Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:⁴ call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo.

It is my birth-day :

I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it
is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Nice is trifling. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. ii :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.” STEEVENS.

⁴ This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either
university. STEEVENS.

Gawdy, or *Grand days* in the inns of court, are four in the year,
Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day.
“ The etymology of the word,” says Blount in his Dictionary, “ may be
taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of
those days ; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say the truth) they are
days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges
they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand days*, and
in some other places they are called *Collar days*.” REED.

Days of good cheer in some of the foreign universities are called
Guadeamus days. C.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die;⁵ mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of⁶ his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,
*He hath many other ways to die: mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

⁶ Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*⁷

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks,⁸ which sorrow shoots
[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in

An

⁷ Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death.

⁸ I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet Sir T. Hammer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow:² perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!³

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd;⁴ for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!⁵

Now

² Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. reward you. STEEVENS.

⁴ I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. stop, or desist.

Mr. Tyrwhitt in a note on ver. 2535, of the Canterbury Tales doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that *ho* was by no means so confined in its meaning. *Gawin Douglas* translates—"Helenium, farique vetat Saturnia Juno," (*Æneid* L. 3. v. 380.)

"The douchter of auld Saturn Juno

"Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho*."

In the Glossary to the folio edition of this Translation, *Edinb.* 1710, it is said that "*Ho* is an Interjection commanding to desist or leave off."

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense:
 I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
 To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour.⁶ Let's to supper; come,
 And drown consideration. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1. *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
 2. *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
 1. *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
 2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
 Good night to you.
 1. *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers,
 Have careful watch.
 3. *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[The first two place themselves at their posts.]
 4. *Sold.* Here we: [They take their posts.] and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

3. *Sold.*

It occurs again in *Langham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61, cited in The Reliques of Antient Poetry.* "Heer was no bo in devout drinkyng."

HOLT WHITE.

⁶ That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*⁷
4. *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1. *Sold.* List, list!
2. *Sold.* Hark!
1. *Sold.* Musick i' the air.
3. *Sold.* Under the earth.
4. *Sold.* It signs well,⁸
- Does't it not?
3. *Sold.* No.
1. *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2. *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1. *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*
2. *Sold.* How now, masters?
- Sold.* How now?
- How now? do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*
1. *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?
3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.
- Sold.* [*several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and
Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo.

⁷ This circumstance (as I collect from Mr. Warton) might have been suggested to Shakspeare by some of the machineries in Masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious musick of some fictitious Nymphs, "which, he adds, surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] thereof, because it should come secretlie and strangeli out of the earth." Vol. III. f. 1297.

STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

Cleo.

Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.⁹—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros!*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron² on :—
 If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
 Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.*Nay, I'll help too.³

What's this for ?

Ant.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art
 The armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it must be.*Ant.*

Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.*Briefly, sir.⁴*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?*Ant.*

Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't⁵ for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou :⁶ Despatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

⁹ i. e. chicken. STEEVENS.² I think it should be rather,

—mine iron— JOHNSON.

Thine iron is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, i. e. Antony's armour. So, in *King Henry V.* Henry says to a soldier, "Give me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove, which the soldier at that moment had in his hat. MALONE.

³ These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by Sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

⁴ That is, quickly, sir. JOHNSON.⁵ To doff is to do off, to put off. STEEVENS.

⁶ Tight is bandy, *adroit*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—"bear you these letters tightly." In the country, a tight lass still signifies a bandy one. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter an officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1. *Off.* A thousand, fir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2. *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, [*kisses her,*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant.

7 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.⁸

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next *two* speeches addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "*What say'st thou?*" compared with what follows, shew that the speech beginning, "*Who? One ever near thee?*" &c. belongs to the soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell.

MALONE.

⁸ Thus the second folio; except that these two words are here, for the sake of metre, transposed, The first folio has—

Dispatch Enobarbus.

Dr. Johnson would read:

Despatch! To Enobarbus;

And Mr. Holt White supposes that "Antony, being astonished at the news of the desertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of surprize."

In

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;⁹
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA,*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.²

Enter

In my opinion, Antony was designed only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the second folio.

STEEVENS.

It will be evident to any person who consults the second folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations must have been furnished by some corrected copy of the first folio, or an authority of equal weight, being such as no person, much less one so ignorant and capricious as the editor has been represented, could have possibly hit upon, without that sort of information. Among these valuable emendations is the present, which affords a striking improvement both of the sense and of the metre, and should of course be inserted in the text, thus :

Corrupted honest men. *Eros, despatch.*

The same transposition, which is a mere though frequent inadvertence of the press, has happened in a subsequent scene :

“ *Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done :* ”

Where the measure plainly requires, as the author must have written, —
Eros, unarm. RITSON.

⁹ It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero ; so the other was not to shine : yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

² i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.
Is come into the field.

Antony

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade³
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold.

mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive-branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. M. MASON.

I doubt whether Mr. M. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negotiation. MALONE.

³ The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are:—"for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *persuaded* him to turne to Cæsar." MALONE.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
 I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
 Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
 Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
 Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most.⁴ O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:⁵
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel,⁶
 I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul't best fits
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:

Cæsar

⁴ That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it.

M. MASON.

Surely, this explanation cannot be right. *I am alone the villain of the earth*, means, I am pre-eminently the first, the greatest villain of the earth. *To stand alone*, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his competitors. *And feel I am so most*, must signify, *I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it.* *REED.*

⁵ All the latter editions have:

—*This bows my heart:*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus,) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.*

JOHNSON.

That to *blow* means to puff or swell, the following instance, in the last scene of this play, will sufficiently prove:

“—on her breast

“There is a vent of blood, and something blown.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies melancholy.

MALONE.

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression⁷

Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.⁸—To-morrow,
Before

⁷ *Oppression* for opposition. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppress'd or over-powered. MALONE.

⁸ Antony after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shown all Heats.
 Enter the city, clip⁹ your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy² I commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks blest thee.—O thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness³ to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
 O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though
 grey

Do

⁹ To *clip* is to embrace. STEEVENS.

² Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

Fairy in former times did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion that it comprizes the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful, in the argument prefixed to his alteration of *Macbeth*, 4to. 1674: "These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weirds* the Scotch call them,)" &c. MALONE.

Surely, Mr. Upton's remark is not indefensible. *Beauty* united with *power*, was the popular characteristick of *Fairies* generally considered. Such was that of *The Fairy Queen* of Spenser, and *Titania* in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Sir W. Davenant's particular use of any word is by no means decisive. That the language of Shakspeare was unfamiliar to him, his own contemptible alterations of it have sufficiently demonstrated.

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. armour of proof. STEEVENS.

Do something mingle with our brown ; yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth.² Behold this man ;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
 Kifs it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He hath deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;—
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :³
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together ;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;⁴
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1. *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard :⁵ The night
 Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2. *Sold.*

² At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal* ; to win a goal, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong.

WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our back'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them ?" JOHNSON.

⁴ A *tabourine* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The same expression occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

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2. *Sold.*

This last day was

A shrewd one to us.

Eno.

O, hear me witnesses, night,—

3. *Sold.* What man is this?

2. *Sold.*

Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witnesses to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1. *Sold.*

Enobarbus!

3. *Sold.*

Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart⁶
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

[*dies.*]

2. *Sold.*

Let's speak

To him.

1. *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3. *Sold.*

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2. *Sold.*

Go we to him.

3. *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2. *Sold.*

Hear you, sir?

1. *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.⁷ Hark, the
drums

[*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely

⁶ The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. STEEVENS.

Demurely ⁸ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

3. *Sold.* Come on then ;
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven : Further on,⁹
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.²

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ;³ for his best force

Is

⁸ *Demurely* for solemnly. WARBURTON.

⁹ These words, *further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. JOHNSON.

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could best discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it." But if we add the words *further on*, his speech will be consistent :—"As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may see them better." And accordingly in the next page he says,

"—Where yonder pine doth stand,

"I shall discover all." M. MASON.

² i. e. where we may best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*.

WARBURTON.

³ i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. WARBURTON.

"But

Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does
stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they knew not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore !⁴ 'tis thou
Hast

⁴ *But* (says Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Floddon*) signifies *without*, in which sense it is often used in the North. "*Boots but spurs.*" Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs : "*— He could eat me but salt.*" Again : "*He gave me whittings but bones.*" Again, in Chaucer's *Perseus Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. "*Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon.*" *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas* ; absque falso, without a lie. Again, in *The Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29 :

" *Abraham.* Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,

" I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words*. STEEVENS

⁴ She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have turned to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand ; then she turned again to Antony, and now has turned to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has
dropped

Hast fold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit SCARUS.*
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels,⁵ to whom I gave

Their

dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand.

JOHNSON.

Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. MALONE.

She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence.

M. MASON.

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connexion with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted. 2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had “*sold* him to the novice.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is, I think, very sufficient; and Antony may well enough be excused for want of circumstantiality in his invective. The sober recollection of a critick should not be expected from a hero who has this moment lost the one half of the world. STEEVENS.

⁵ All the editions read:

That pannell'd me at heels,——

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injur'd by the suppression; and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough:

That paged me at heels,——

in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. JOHNSON.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,⁶—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet,⁷ my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me⁸ to the very heart of loss.⁹—
 What, Eros, Eros!

happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *cheer*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare. TOLLET.

Spannel for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. MALONE.

⁶ I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this* grave *charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant *this* sublime, *this* majestic beauty. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*.

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend.

STEEVENS.

⁸ There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gypsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. SIR J. HAWKINS.

That the *Ægyptians* were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. REED.

⁹ To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

Enter CLEOPARA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cle. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;² and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.³ [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt
gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let

² [Old copy—*for dolts*;] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money: we must therefore read the next word:

—*for dolts*,—

i. e. farthings, which shows what he means by *poorest diminutives*.

WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to *show what he meant by poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:

For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;—

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shown as *monsters are*, not only *for the smallest piece of money*, but *to the most stupid and vulgar spectators*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEEVENS.

It appears to me much more probable that *dolts* should have been printed *for dolts*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and vulgar for *poor'st diminutives*, yet Cleopatra according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace *for nothing*. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monsters are shown for small pieces of money; because his words are "monster-like," be [*thou*] shown for poor'st diminutives, &c. MALONE.

³ i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose.

WARBURTON.

Let me lodge Lichas ⁴ on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the Roman boy she hath fold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield;⁵ the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.⁶

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument. [Exeunt.

⁴ Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

—thy rage
 Led thee lodge Lichas—and—
 Subdue thy worthiest self.—

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. JOHNSON.

This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, B. IX. edit. 1575. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Mekager*. STEEVENS.

⁶ A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboft*. HANMER.

SCENE XII.

*The same. Another Room.**Enter ANTONY and EROS.**Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
 They are black vespers' pageants.⁷

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
 The rack dissimns;⁸ and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave,⁹ Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.²—

Nay,

⁷ The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age.

T. WARTON.

⁸ i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Knave* is servant. STEEVENS.

² Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has ennobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. WARBURTON.

This

Now, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch : peace ;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she has discharg'd : What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

The

This explanation is very just ; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

This use of the word *triumph* comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra by collusion play'd the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.—The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words,) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "S. What a shuffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I *plaie fair playe*, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and set them." MALONE.

The battery from my heart.³ O, cleave, my fides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,⁴
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[Exit EROS.]

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.⁶—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,⁷

And

³ I would read:

This *battery from my heart*.— JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in *Hamlet*: “You shall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would see.” STEEVENS.

⁵ I strongly suspect that, instead of *length*, our author wrote—*life*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain’d but to give the stroke. WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is:

—— *seel then, and all is done*.——

To *seel hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be:

Close thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet*. JOHNSON.

⁷ Dr. Warburton has justly observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly *associated*, “where souls do couch on flowers.” He undoubtedly had read Phaer’s translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book:

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tuentem

Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.

Illa solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat:—

Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit

In nemus umbriferum.— MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has also observed that Shakspeare most probably wrote —*Sickæus*. At least, I believe, he intended to have written so, on the strength of the passage immediately following the lines already quoted:

And all th' haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack⁸
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,⁹ bending down

His

—— conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.

Thus rendered by Phaer, edit. 1558:

“—— where joynt with her, her husband old,
“ *Sycheus* doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth holde.”

But *Æneas* being the more familiar name of the two, our author inadvertently substituted the one for the other. STEEVENS.

⁸ “Condemn myself to lack,” &c. however licentiously, may have been employed to signify—condemn myself for lacking even the courage of a woman.

To mind, in this instance, may be a verb, signifying to incline, or be disposed. STEEVENS.

⁹ Arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

L 6.

His corrigible neck,² his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?³

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world⁴ lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[falls on his sword.] Thus I
do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bride-

² *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile frigus*" for "*penetrans frigus*," in his *Georgicks*.
STEEVENS.

³ The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

⁴ The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

A bridegroom in my death,⁵ and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1. *Guard.*

What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All.

Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. *Guard.*

Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der.

There, Diomed, there.

Dio.

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give
me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio.

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant.

⁵ This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*:

“I will encounter darkness as a bride,

“And hug it in my arms.” STEEVENS.

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that “having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly.” MALONE.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar,⁶ and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what,
ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. *Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char.

⁶ To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.⁷

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo.

O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling⁸ stand
The varying shore o' the world!⁹—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here

⁷ The defective measure, and want of respect in the speaker, induce me to suppose, that this line originally stood thus:

His death's upon him, madam, but not dead. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. without light. STEEVENS.

⁹ She desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

The varying shore o' the world! i. e. of the earth, where light and darkness make an incessant variation. WARBURTON.

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

I here importune death² a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken;³ not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me;⁴ if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,⁵ shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo.

² I *solicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting.
JOHNSON.

³ Antony is supposed to be at the foot of the monument, and tells Cleopatra that he *there* importunes death, till he can lay his last kiss upon her lips, which was intimating to her his desire that she should come to him for that purpose. She considers it in that light, and tells him that she dares not. M. MASON.

⁴ *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat.

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.

—— be *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket*; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, compleated with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

A *brooch* is always an *ornament*; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton *broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. RITSON.

⁵ Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution, JOHNSON.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!⁶—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,⁷
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing;⁸ had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune⁹ break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein

⁶ I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work in earnest. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Antony! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion of which we have been already told she was fond. Shakspeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places.

MALONE.

Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument. STEEVENS.

⁷ Heaviness is here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*.

MALONE.

⁸ That is, *Revive by my kiss*. JOHNSON.

⁹ This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest: and do now not basely die,
 Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
 My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more.

[*dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
 'The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole⁷ is fallen; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char.

Lady,—

Iras.

Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras.

Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman;⁸ and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.⁹—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;

To

⁷ He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

⁸ Cleopatra is discoursing with her women; but she naturally replies to *Iras* who had addressed herself to her, and not to *Charmian*, who only interposed to prevent *Iras* from continuing to speak. Strike out the speech of *Charmian*, which is said aside to *Iras*, and the sense will be evident. *Iras* addresses Cleopatra by the titles of *Royal Egypt* and *Empress*! which Cleopatra rejects as ill suited to her present condition; and says, she is no more in that state of elevation, but on a level with the rest of her sex.

M. MASON.

Peace, peace, Iras, is said by *Charmian*, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. STEEVENS.

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is fottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take heart:—
[to the guard below.]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate,² tell him, he mocks us by
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

² *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time.

The second interpretation given by Mr. Stevens in the following note is a just interpretation of the text as *now regulated*; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

I have left Mr. Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the measure, we might read—*frustrated*, or

Being so frustrate, tell him that he mocks—&c.

as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare. In *Othello* it is used again with equal departure from its common acceptation.

My

*Dol.*Cæsar, I shall.⁵ [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.**Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?⁶*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,⁷

And

My explanation of the words—*He mocks the pauses that he makes*, is as follows: He plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses*, may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses*; i. e. he trifles with us.

STEEVENS.

⁵ I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. THEOBALD.

⁶ i. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand. STEEVENS.

⁷ I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens*. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*A greater crack than this*: The ruin'd world, i. e. the general disruption of elements should have *shook*, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe,

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.⁸

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.⁹

Agr.

universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To *shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus:

—The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens. TYRWHITT.

⁸ That is, *May the gods rebuke me*, if this be not tidings to make kings weep.

But, again, for if not. JOHNSON.

⁹ For *waged*, [the reading of the first folio] the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

“To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were on equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

Read—*weigh*—with the second folio, where it is only misspelled *way*.

RITSON.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance ²
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts ³ did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. ⁴—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

² [Old copy—*launch*.—] *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

I have followed thee, says Cæsar, *to this* ; i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice ; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony on the same principle that we *lance* a disease incurable by gentler means. STEEVENS.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet : and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease ; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *launce*. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

³ *His* is here used for *its*. M. MASON.

⁴ That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?

Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,⁵
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we⁶
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.⁷

Mes. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Cæs. Come hither Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph:⁸ Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit GALLUS.]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;

How

⁵ If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is yet an *Ægyptian*, that is, yet a servant of the queen of *Ægypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

⁶ Our author often uses adjectives adverbially. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

⁷ The old copy has *leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

⁸ Hanmer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity:

Would be eternalling our triumph:

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.* JOHNSON.

How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA,⁹ CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,²
A minister of her will ; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.³

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,
and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but

I do

⁹ Our author here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument. MALONE.

² The *servant* of fortune. JOHNSON.

³ The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change* ; it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.

JOHNSON.

I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You have fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,⁴
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.⁵ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard

⁴ *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

⁵ I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, nor will the words bear the construction he gives them. It appears to me, that by *the greatness he has got*, she means her crown which he has won; and I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her crown, or some other ensign of royalty. M. MASON.

Guard her till Cæsar come.⁹

[To PROCULEIUS and the guard. Exit GALLUS.]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [drawing a dagger.]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo.

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro.

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by

The undoing of yourself: let the world see

His nobleness well acted, which your death

Will never let come forth.

Cleo.

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen

Worth many babes and beggars!²

Pro.

O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither:³ This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do

⁹ This line in the first edition is given to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

[Aside to Gallus.] *You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

—— your plight is pity'd

Of him that caus'd it.

cries out:

Guard her till Cæsar come. JOHNSON.

² Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars. JOHNSON.

³ *I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chāstis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,³
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[to CLEOPATRA.]
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.]
Dol.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry VIII*. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this. If idle talking be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not sleep for fear of talking idly in my sleep.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts to produce a meaning from the words under consideration. STEEVENS.

³ The poet designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective.

STEEVENS.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most fovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world:⁴ his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates⁵ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo.

⁴ Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. PERCY.

⁵ Plates mean, I believe, silver money. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets plates. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms⁶ with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.⁷

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SE-
LEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.
Arise,

Cæs.
You shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs.

⁶ To *vie* was a term at cards. STEEVENS.

⁷ The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well⁸
To make it clear ; but do confefs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and
we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.⁹

Cleo.

⁸ *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it ; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read :

I cannot proctor my own cause so well.

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

I cannot parget my own cause——

meaning, I cannot *whitewash*, *varnish*, or *gloss* my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To *project* a cause is to *represent* a cause ; to *project* it well, is to *plan* or *contrive* a scheme of defence. JOHNSON.

The old reading may certainly be the true one. Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says : “ I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse.” Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer's conjecture may be likewise countenanced ; for the word he wishes to bring in, is used in the 4th eclogue of Drayton :

“ Scorn'd paintings, *parget*, and the borrow'd hair.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. MALONE.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.²—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather feel my lips,³ than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings : Slave, foul-less villain, dog !
O rarely base !⁴

Cæs.

² Sagacious editors ! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this list : and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read :

Not petty things omitted ?

For this declaration lays open her falshood ; and makes her angry, when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

³ Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,⁵ that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by⁶
Addition of his envy!⁷ Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends⁸ withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:⁹—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought.
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer other's merits in our name,

Are

⁵ *Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity.

MALONE.

⁶ *To parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, either is, “—that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;”—or, “that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account.” *Parcel* is here used technically.

MALONE.

⁷ *Envy* is here, as almost always in these plays, *malice*. MALONE.

⁸ *Modern* means here, as it generally does in these plays, *common or ordinary*. M. MASON.

⁹ Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*. WARBURTON.

Are therefore to be pitied.²

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:³ no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*whispers* CHARMIAN.
Iras.]

² We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall*, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied.* Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions *meriting* censure. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is this. *The greatest of us are aspersed for things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our own names for the actions of other people.*

Merit is here used, as the word *desert* frequently is, to express a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punishment as well as reward. M. MASON.

As *demerits* was often used in Shakspeare's time as synonymous to *merit*, so *merit* might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for *acts*, with which others rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. MALONE.

³ I Once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*
Dolabella?]

Cleo.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLA.*] Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald⁴ rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians⁵

Extem-

⁴ *Scald* was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth.

JOHNSON.

⁵ The gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

Quick means here, rather *ready* than *gay*. M. MASON.

The lively, inventive, quick-witted comedians. MALONE.

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness³
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.⁴—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.⁵—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo.

³ The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

⁴ Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

Their most assur'd intents—

i. e. the purposes, which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing.

THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

⁵ From hence it appears that *Sirrah*, an appellation generally addressed to males, was equally applicable to females. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.⁶

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus⁷ there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but
something

⁶ Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. *WARBURTON.*

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to her sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconstant. *STEEVENS.*

Our author will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." *MALONE.*

⁷ *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. *JOHNSON.*

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The Lidly Worm of Spindleston Hughes*, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second part of *King Henry VI*:

"The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal." *PERCY.*

something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do:⁸ But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.⁹

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:— Yare, yare,² good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To

⁸ Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places.

WARBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

⁹ The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

¹² i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. STEEVENS.

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come;
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*

Have I the aspick in my lips?³ Dost fall?⁴
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her;⁵ and spend that kiss,
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,
 [to the asp, which she applies to her breast.
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
 Unpoliced!⁶

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char.

³ Are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kiss has destroyed thee?

MALONE.

⁴ Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon.

STEEVENS.

⁵ He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. an asp without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.

STEEVENS.

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

What should I stay—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
[*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows close;⁷
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;⁸
I'll mend it, and then play.⁹

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1. *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2. *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1. *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So

⁷ Charmian, in saying this, must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed toward a dead body. RITSON.

⁸ This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,
— Your crown's away. JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in p. 251, to “play till doomsday.”

STEEVENS.

So fought't to hinder.

Within.

A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, fir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Brav't at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1. Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:²
The like is on her arm.

1. Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite³
Of easy ways to die.⁴—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument;—
She shall be buried by her Antony;

No

² The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*. JOHNSON.

³ To *pursue conclusions*, is to *try experiments*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Such was the death brought on by the aspick's venom. STEEVENS.

No grave upon the earth shall clip⁵ in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them : and their story is
 No less in pity, than his glory,⁶ which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
 In solemn show, attend this funeral;
 And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*⁷

⁵ i. e. enfold. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings.

STEEVENS.

⁷ This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

No more I shall be yours, if I am not.

A part is taken. This is the end.

Enter the first of the soldiers, with a letter.

For this is the letter that I have brought.

It is from the king, and it is very short.

In the name of the king, I have brought it.

And thus to the king, I have brought it.

It is from the king, and it is very short.

In the name of the king, I have brought it.

And thus to the king, I have brought it.

It is from the king, and it is very short.

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In the name of the king, I have brought it.

And thus to the king, I have brought it.

CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE

* * * CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.

STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts*, which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario, Iachimo, &c.* Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*

Iachimo, *friend to Philario,* }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, *General of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, *wife to Cymbeline.*

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our
bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.²

2. *Gent.*

² The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our courtiers obey the heavens [God].* By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore:

————— *our brows*

No more obey the heavens, &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following:

“————— But not a courtier,

“ Altho' they wear their *faces* to the bent

“ Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is

“ Glad at the thing they *scowl* at.”

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads:

————— *our looks*

No more obey the heart, ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. **WARBURTON.**

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the
press.

2. *Gent.*

But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.*

None but the king?

1. *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

OF

press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of heaven,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our courtiers:—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—still seem, as doth the king's.*

JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

“For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

*You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king.*

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

“—— wear their faces to the bent

“Of the king's look.” TYRWHITT.

The only error that I can find in this passage is, the mark of the genitive case annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this:—“Our dispositions no more obey the heavens than our courtiers do; they still seem as the king's does.” The obscurity arises from the omission of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical licence. M. MASON.

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. MALONE.

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. *Gent.* And why so?

1. *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You speak him far.²

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;³
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd

As

² i. e. you praise him extensively. STEEVENS.

You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your elogium has a wide compass. MALONE.

³ I extend him within himself: my praise, however extensive, is within his merit. JOHNSON.

My elogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene: "The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to extend him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "The report of her is extended more than can be thought." MALONE.

As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:⁴
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them;⁵ and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1. *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
 The queen, and princesses. [Exeunt.]

⁴ This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

⁵ A glass that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit Queen.*
O

Imo.
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,)⁶ what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.

My

⁶ I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.⁷

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
 To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear⁸ up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
 [*Putting on the ring.*
 While

⁷ Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter.

JOHNSON.
 The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal* galls with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*. If so, we should read *cere* instead of *fear*:

"Why thy canoniz'd bones hears'd in death,
 "Have burst their *cerements*?"

While sense can keep it on !⁹ And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
 It is a manacle² of love ; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Imo.

O, the gods !

When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post.

Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
 If, after this command, thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Post.

To *sear up*, is properly to *close up by burning* ; but in this passage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*.

STEEVENS.

May not *sear up*, here mean *solder up*, and the reference be to a lead coffin ? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the Ghost, was used for *searments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloth* and *sear-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *sear-cloth*. Shakspeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

⁹ This expression, I suppose, means, *while sense can maintain its operations* ; *while sense continues to have its usual power*. STEEVENS.

The poet [if it refers to the ring] ought to have written—can keep thee on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies. MALONE.

As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press ; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio ; it is hardly fair to charge those irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms ; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

STEEVENS.

² A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *band-cuff*.

STEEVENS.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth;³ thou heapest
A year's age on me!⁴

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.⁵

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.⁶

Cym.

³ i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. MALONE.

⁴ ———— *thou heapest*

A year's age on me!] The obvious sense of this passage, on which several experiments have been made, is in some degree countenanced by what follows in another scene:

“ And every day that comes, comes to decay

“ *A day's work in him.*”

Dr. Warburton would read “ *A yare* (i. e. a speedy) age;” Sir T. Hanmer would restore the metre by a supplemental epithet:

————— *thou heapest many*

A year's age, &c.

and Dr. Johnson would give us:

Years, ages, *on me!*

I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. “ *Many a year's age,*” is an idea of some weight; but if *Cymbeline* meant to say that his daughter's conduct made him precisely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himself and Shakspeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *A touch more rare,* may mean *a nobler passion.* JOHNSON.

A touch more rare is undoubtedly *a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *A kite.* JOHNSON.

A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training. STEEVENS.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.²

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [To the Queen]
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.³

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen.

² So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

³ i. e. consideration, reflection. STEEVENS.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord abroad: for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence
of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes
out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that
you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt
him?

2. *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be
not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went the backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2. *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:⁴ She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.⁵

2. *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

That is, are not equal, "ne vont pas de pair." M. MASON.

⁵ She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!* Phædrus. EDWARDS.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward show*.

JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,
 And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
 And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
 As offer'd mercy is.⁶ What was the last
 That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kifs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
 And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
 As he could make me with this eye or ear⁷
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him

As

⁶ I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

STEEVENS.

⁷ [Old copy—*his eye, &c.*] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:

*As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
 Distinguish him from others, —.*

The expression is *δεικτικόν*, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to that part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

————— *for so long*
*As he could mark me with his eye, or I
 Distinguish —.*

The reason of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the ear. JOHNSON.

As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space⁸ had pointed him as sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd madam,

With his next vantage.⁹

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,² for then
I am in heaven for him;³ or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,⁴ comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathings of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.⁵

Enter

⁸ *The diminution of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by blasting, not blasted lightning. JOHNSON.*

⁹ *Next opportunity. JOHNSON.*

² *i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. STEEVENS.*

³ *My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf. STEEVENS.*

⁴ *Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were—adieu Posthumus; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, “she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband.” STEEVENS.*

⁵ *i. e. our buds of love, as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds from blowing. The buds of flowers undoubtedly are meant. MALONE.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis.

Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, ⁶a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him ⁷both without and within.

French.

A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a rose:

“It is the very emblem of a maid.

“For when the west wind courts her gently,

“How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

“With her chaste blushes?—when the north comes near her

“Rude and impatient, then like chastity,

“She locks her beauties in her bud again,

“And leaves him to base briars.” FARMER.

⁶ The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Romeo and Julietta* in the second tome of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. MALONE.

⁷ In the sense in which we say, This will make or mar you. JOHNSON.

Makes him, in the text, means forms him. M. MASON.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.⁸

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,⁹ are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone² my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance³ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every
action

⁸ Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

⁹ Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

² To atone signifies in this place to reconcile. STEEVENS.

³ Importance is here as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. MALONE.

action to be guided by others' experiences:⁴ but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of fwords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,⁵ or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,⁶ suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.⁷

Iach.

* This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. JOHNSON.

This passage cannot bear the meaning that Johnson contends for. Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been at that time; and means to say, that *he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.*—To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption. M. MASON.

⁵ To confound, in our author's time, signified—to destroy. MALONE.

⁶ Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. JOHNSON.

⁷ Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

The sense seems to require a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

Though I profess myself her friend, not her adorer;

meaning

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post.

meaning thereby the praises he bestowed on her arose from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a superstitious reverence only. If Posthumus wished to be believed, as he surely did, the declaring that his praises proceeded from adoration, would lessen the credit of them, and counteract his purpose. In confirmation of this conjecture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards says in the same sense:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.”

Which would also serve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. M. MASON.

I am not certain that the foregoing passages have been completely understood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar sense in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend*, in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. “ Save you *friend* Cassio!” says Bianca in *Othello*; and Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, informs Isabella that her brother Claudio “ hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child.” *Friend*, in short, is one of those “ *fond adoptious christendoms, that blinking Cupid gossips,*” many of which are catalogued by Helen in *All's well that ends well*, and *friend* is one of the number:

“ A mother, and a mistress, and a *friend*,

“ A phoenix, captain, and an enemy.”

This word, though with some degradation, is still current among the harlotry of London, (who like Macheath's doxies) as often as they have occasion to talk about absent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this sense the word is also used by Iago, in *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ Or to be naked with her *friend* abed.”

Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears to be confirmed by a subsequent remark of Iachimo:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.”

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

STEVENS.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince² the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused³ in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach.

² Convince for overcome. WARBURTON.

³ —abused—] Deceiv'd. JOHNSON.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation ⁴ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.⁵ If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches;⁶ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post.

⁴ —approbation—] Proof. JOHNSON.

⁵ I correct it:

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

“ —But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity.

JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

[But let it be remembered, that Dr. Warburton communicated many notes to Theobald before he published his own edition, and complains that he was not fairly dealt with concerning them. REED.]

⁶ i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.

STEEVENS.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions;⁷ let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.
French.

⁷ This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.* WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow
em. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those
 flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1. Lady.

I madam.

Queen. Despatch,—

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[Presenting a small box.]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
 My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
 Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
 Which are the movers of a languishing death;
 But, though slow, deadly.

Queen.

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions?⁸ I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor.

Your highness

Shall

⁸ Other experiments. I commend, says Walton, an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :⁹
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
 Will I first work :² he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
 Take your own way.

[*Aside.*

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
 But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

Queen.

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her.³ She doth think, she
 has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs ;

Then

⁹ There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practis'd tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

² She means, I believe, that on him first she will try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

What else can she mean? REED.

³ This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought ; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of them ; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

Then afterward up higher: but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in
 time

She will not quench;⁴ and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master: greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is: to shift his being,⁵
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans?⁶
 Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a box: PISANIO takes it up.]
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king

To

⁴ i. e. grow cool. STEEVENS.

⁵ To change his abode. JOHNSON.

⁶ That inclines towards its fall. JOHNSON.

To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A fly and constant
 knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet;⁷ and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do:
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious:⁸ Blessed be those,

How

⁷ A *leiger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

⁸ Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy

How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.⁹—— Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo.

happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to—*The degree that's glorious.*

WARBURTON.

⁹ The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire.

WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

——*Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
With reason's comfort.—*

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.

JOHNSON.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.²

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land,³ which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?⁴ and can we not

Partition

² Old copy—*your trust.* LEONATUS.] Were Leonatus writing to his steward, this style might be proper; but it is so strange a conclusion of a letter to a princess, and a beloved wife, that it cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

—*as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

M. MASON.

This emendation is at once so neat and elegant, that I cannot refuse it a place in the text; and especially as it returns an echo to the words of Posthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt so much on his own conjugal fidelity. STEEVENS.

³ He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:

—*and the rich cope.* WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land*. When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? *The crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

⁴ I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted, convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones.

JOHNSON,
The

Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' the judgement;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Slutterly, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.⁴

Imo.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape,
that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is
met with in other places. FARMER.

Farmer's amendment is ill-imagined. There is no place so little likely
to be *shaded* as the beach of the sea; and therefore *umber'd* cannot be
right. M. MASON.

⁴ i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence,
can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, may nauseate every thing.

WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this
counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgement* would
determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress
of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same
suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it
in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to
feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the
convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give
their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend
how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather
believe the passage should be read thus:

Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit, emptiness

Not so allure to feed.

That is, Should not so, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness
to feed*. TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To
vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of
eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand
what

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach.

The cloyed will,

(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo.

What, dear fir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, fir, desire

[*To PISANIO.*

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.⁵

Pis.

I was going, fir,

To give him welcome.

[*Exit PISANIO.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo.

When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach.

I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,

What

what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set*. MALONE.

⁵ He is a foreigner and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. STEEVENS.

Minshew, in his Dictionary, 1617, explains *peevish* by *foolish*.

MALONE.

Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

“And I am something curious, being *strange*

“To have them safe in stowage.”

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. M. MASON.

*What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;⁶
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo.

You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me

What

⁶ If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

What both you spur and stop.⁶

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty;⁷ this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard⁸ with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady

So

⁶ What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it.
JOHNSON.

The meaning is, what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.
M. MASON.

The allusion is to horsemanship. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:
"She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so
short-reined as he cannot stirre forward." STEEVENS.

⁷ There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant
performed homage to his lord. The lord sate, while the vassal kneeling
on both knees before him, held his hands jointly together between the hands
of his lord, and swore to be faithful and loyal. See *Coke upon Littleton*, 85.
Unless this allusion be allowed, how has touching the hand the slightest
connection with taking the oath of loyalty? HOLT WHITE.

⁸ Hard with falsehood, is, hard by being often griped with frequent
change of hands. JOHNSON.

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,⁹
 Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
 With tomboy's,² hir'd with that self-exhibition³
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,⁴
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach.

⁹ *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete.

STEEVENS.

² We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*.

It appears from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men.

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*:
 "Tumbe. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; hereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of tumbling cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

³ *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

⁴ The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. All this stuff about *boiling*, *scalding*, &c. is a mere play on *stew*, a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen. STEEVENS.

The words may mean,—such *corrupted* stuff; from the substantive *boil*. But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.⁵

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A faucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew,⁶ and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a false report; which hath

Honour'd

⁵ Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. STEEVENS.

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
 In the election of a fir so rare,
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, fir: Take my power i' the court for
 yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
 (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
 To buy a present for the emperor;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,⁷
 To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must abroad to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
 By length'ning my return. From Gallia
 I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
 But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;

Therefore,

⁷ i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you; You are very welcome: [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,⁷ to be hit away! I had a
hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must
take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him,
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for
any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of
them.⁸

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I gave him satisfaction? 'Would,
he had been one of my rank!

2. *Lord.* To have smelt⁹ like a fool. [*Aside.*]
Clo.

⁷ He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

⁸ This, I believe, should stand thus:

1. *Lord.* No, my lord.

2. *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*] JOHNSON.

⁹ A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech.

MALONE.

Clo. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-flave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. *Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.² [Aside.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1. *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion³ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2. *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[Aside.

1. *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.

That

² The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's.

JOHNSON.

The intention of the speaker, is to call Cloten a *coxcomb*.

M. MASON.

³ The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
 Should yield the world this afs! a woman, that
 Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princefs,
 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ft!
 Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulſion is
 Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
 To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
 Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canſt awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beſeech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
 Repairs itſelf by reſt: Our Tarquin² thus
 Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes,³ ere he waken'd

The

² The ſpeaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

³ This ſhows that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *raviſhing ſtrides* of
 Tarquin

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kifs ; one kifs !—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o'the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows :⁴ White and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁵—But my design ?
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
 Such, and such, pictures ;—There the window :—Such
 The adornment of her bed :—The arras, figures,

Why,

Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on a passage in *Macbeth*. BLACKSTONE.

It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587 : “Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell.” The ancient English stage also, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewn with *rushes* : “Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the *rushes* or on stooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *stage* after you.” STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. her *eyelids*. MALONE.

⁵ We should read :

————— *White with azure lac'd,*
The blue of heaven's own tinct.

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“His silver *skin lac'd* with his golden blood.”

The passage before us, without Dr. Warburton's emendation, is, to me at least, unintelligible. STEEVENS.

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-lids, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *enclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes : which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

MALONE.

Why, such, and such :⁶ And the contents o'the story,—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory :
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying !⁷ Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 In the bottom of a cowslip ;⁸ Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up ; I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift,

⁶ We should print, says Mr. M. Mason, thus : “ — the arras-figures ; that is, the figures of the arras.” But, I think, he is mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed :

“ — It was hang'd
 “ With *tapestry of silk and silver* ; the story
 “ Proud Cleopatra,” &c.

Again, in Act V :

“ — averring notes
 “ Of chamber-*hanging, pictures*,” &c. MALONE.

⁷ Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. MALONE.

⁸ This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow.

STEEVENS.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!⁹ that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye:² I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three,³—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1. *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper
 of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you
 win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could
 get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough; It's
 almost morning, is't not?

1. *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to
 give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

⁹ The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

² The poet means that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*. STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven,) in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ O Cressida, but that the busy day

“ Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows—.”

HEATH.

³ Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*. MALONE.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your finger-
ing, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her
remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent
good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with ad-
mirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;⁴
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :⁵
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your
musick the better :⁶ if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which
horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch
to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2. *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I
was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I
have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and
to my gracious mother.

Cym.

⁴ i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of
flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*.
JOHNSON.

⁵ Is very properly restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is* ; but
he too grammatically reads :

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. STEEVENS.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly sollicit;⁷ and be friended⁸
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.⁹—Our dear son,

When

⁷ i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion.

STEEVENS.

⁸ We should read:

—and befriended

With aptness of the season.

That is, "with solicitations not only proper but well timed. So Terence says: "In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum est primum."

M. MASON.

⁹ The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

That

When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves,² yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you! sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess—

That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness
heretofore shewn to us. Our author has many similar ellipses.

MALONE.

² Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and
as such is used in *The Comedy of Errors*. “Nay, not sure, in a thing
falsing.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.³

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin: I will
not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.⁴

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:⁵ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The

³ A man *who* is taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

⁴ This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

⁵ — *so verbal*:] is, *so verbose*, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

The contract⁶ you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;⁷
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery,⁸ a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues,⁹ to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clot.

The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,

That

⁶ Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

“Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
 “And leave eighteen.—”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

⁷ This is nonsense. We should read—*self-finger'd knot*, i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

⁸ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey.

MALONE.

⁹ If it were considered as a *compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. MALONE.

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?⁴

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;⁵
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm;⁶ it was thy master's: 'threw me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[*Exit Pis.*

Clo.

You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo.

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo.

Your mother too:

She's my good lady;⁷ and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clo.

I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

⁴ Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

—— all made such men.

Clot. How now?

Imo. Pisanio! JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608. STEEVENS.

⁶ That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence.

MALONE.

⁷ This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend.

MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state,⁸ and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist⁹ though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages)² will make known

To

⁸ I believe we should read *winter state*, not *winter's state*. M. MASON.

⁹ i. e. Statesman. STEEVENS.

² The old folio has this odd reading:

——— *Their discipline*

(*Now wing-led with their courages*) will make known—.

JOHNSON.

Their discipline (*now wing-led with their courages*) may mean their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

To their approvers,³ they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,

IF

³ i. e. To those who try them. WARBURTON.

If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge ⁴ of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,⁵) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride:⁶ A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——⁷

Post.

⁴ This word is here used in its scriptural acceptance: "And Adam knew Eve his wife:—." STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake, *for*.

MALONE.

⁶ Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

⁷ This passage is nonsense as it stands, and therefore the editors have supposed

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves:⁸ the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb;⁹ outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted:² Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.³

Post.

supposed it to be an imperfect sentence. But I believe we should amend it by reading

Such *the true life on't was*,
instead of *since*. We frequently say the life of a picture, or of a statue;
and without alteration the sentence is complete. M. MASON.

⁸ So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*. JOHNSON.

⁹ The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing as nature gives, ~~but~~ *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

² The same tawdry image occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — their dwarfish pages were

“ *As cherubins, all gilt.*”

The sole recommendation of this gothick idea, which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby, unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into the composition of such infantine and absurd representatives of the choirs of heaven.

STEEVENS.

³ I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poised on their inverted torches*,
one

Post. This is her honour!—
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this,⁴ (and praise
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.]
 Be pale;⁵ I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
 And now 'tis up again: It must be married
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
 Once more let me behold it: Is it that
 Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
 She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
 She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
 To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post.

one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the *andiron*. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. WHALLEY.

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet published in 1604, that *andirons* in our author's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: "—ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he saw a paire of corpulent gigantick *andirons*, that stood like two *burgomasters* at both corners." Instead of these corpulent *burgomasters*, Imogen had *Cupids*.

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant that the *andirons* he describes were uncommonly large. MALONE.

⁴ The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

"This is her honour!"—

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

⁵ If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women⁶
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:⁷—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance⁸ of her incontinency

⁶ The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

⁷ It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that “what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check roll] that he be sworn in the countyng-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on their absence before the clerke of the kechynge either by such an oath as is in the *Booke of Otbes*, yf any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion.”

Even now every servant of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

⁸ The badge; the token; the visible proof. JOHNSON.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi.

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post.

Never talk on't:

She hath been colted by him.

Iach.

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,)⁹ lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post.

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach.

Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach.

I'll be sworn,——

Post.

No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach.

I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something——

[*Exit.*

Phi.

Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath²

He

⁹ (*Worthy the pressing,*) Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:

(*Worthy her pressing,*)——. JOHNSON.

² i. e. turn his wrath to another course. MALONE.

To *pervert*, I believe, only signifies to *avert* his wrath from himself, without any idea of turning it against another person. To what *other course* it could have been diverted by the advice of Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us. STEEVENS.

He hath against himself.

Iach.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: Did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;³ that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,⁴

Cry'd,

³ It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose that the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to enflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: Did it, &c.

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

The more obvious interpretation is in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be just, the latter part of this passage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. IV. though the *pudency* will be found wanting:

—— omnia fient

Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo

Laomedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit. MALONE.

⁴ In *King Henry IV.* Part II. Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that—
“ the

Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For ev'n to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door;
 and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,

And

“the German hunting in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings.” In other places where our author has spoken of the hunting of the boar, a German one must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Waiburton read—a *churning on*; and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,⁹
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume
 We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscalable,² and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!³) on our terrible seas,
 Like eggshells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune!⁴) to master Cæsar's sword,⁵

Made

⁹ Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. MALONE.

² This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's. The old editions have:

With oaks unscalable. JOHNSON.

³ *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

⁴ O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet.

MALONE.

⁵ Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius, who, we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb. MALONE.

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there's no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
'The sides o'the world,) against all colour,⁶ here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much

⁶ Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance;⁷ I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms:⁸ a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,⁹) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As

⁷ — *keep at utterance*;] means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. STEEVENS.

⁸ The insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father, Tenantius. MALONE.

⁹ About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common.

JOHNSON.

As would take in some virtue.²—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low,³ as were
 Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted servicable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:*⁴—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act,⁵ and look'st

So

² To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

³ That is, thy mind compared to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

⁴ Here we have another proof of what I have observed in *The Dissertation* at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.*

The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*,) are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

⁵ A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

How a letter could be considered as a *feudal vassal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loss to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate* or *accomplice*. I also think that the word *feodary* has the same signification in *Measure for Measure*, though the other commentators do not, and have there assigned my reasons for being of that opinion.

M. MASON.

Art thou too *combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.⁶

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are afunder, let that grieve him,⁷——
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love;⁸—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,

You

Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 4b. to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. “In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operam navat, Escaetori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem.” He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *affiliate*, and hence Shakspere, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* or *feudatary*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

⁶ I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

⁷ Tyrwhitt wishes to amend this passage by reading *no*, instead of *not*, in the first line; but it is right as it stands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a stop longer than a comma, after the word *afunder*. The sense is this:—“Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are afunder—let that circumstance grieve him; but of his content in every shape but that. M. MASON.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, *in every thing except our being separate from each other*. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

⁸ That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour.

JOHNSON.

You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.⁹ Good news, gods!

[Reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.² Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,³ and your, increasing in love,⁴

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May

⁹ The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

² Old copy—*Justice, and your father's wrath, &c. could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.* This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. “Your father's wrath could not be so cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes.”

M. MASON.

I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the press, after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you, O thou dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you.* Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method ; by substituting *but* instead of *as* ; and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

³ This subscription to the second letter of Posthumus, affords ample countenance to Mr. M. Mason's conjecture concerning the conclusion of a former one. STEEVENS.

⁴ We should, I think, read thus :—*and your, increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus,*—to make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing* ; and that the latter is a participle present, and not a noun. TYRWHITT.

May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
 O, let me 'bate, but not like me:—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind: O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond,⁵) say, and speak thick,⁶
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we should make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return,⁷ to excuse: but first, how get hence:
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?⁸
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,⁹
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'the clock's behalf:²—But this is foolery:—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.³

Pis.

⁵ The comma, hitherto placed after the first *beyond*, is improper. The second is used as a substantive; and the plain sense is, that her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.

RITSON.

⁶ i. e. crowd one word on another, as fast as possible. STEEVENS.

⁷ In consequence of our going hence and returning back. MALONE.

⁸ Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary? MALONE.

⁹ Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

² This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

³ A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*. JOHNSON.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.⁴

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.⁵ Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To

⁴ That is, "you'd best consider." M. MASON.

⁵ The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

JOHNSON.

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words, *nor here, nor here*, she points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all cover'd with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford."—The passage, however, should be pointed thus:

"I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,

"Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them

"That I cannot look through."

What ensues means *what follows*; and Shakspeare uses it here, somewhat licentiously, to express what is behind. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither *on this side*, nor *on that*, nor *behind* me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward:

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "*what ensues*," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly, by the words—*behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the *consequence* of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet⁶ through
And keep their impious turbands on,⁷ without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd :⁸ To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle⁹ in a safer hold

Than

⁶ i. e. strut, walk proudly. STEEVENS.

⁷ The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

⁸ In war it is not sufficient to do duty well ; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

As this seems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim, not merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read:—

That *service is not service*, &c. M. MASON.

This *service* means, any particular service. The observation relates to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *kusks* or *shards*. STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—“A *shard* or crust—*Crusta* ;” which in the Latin part he interprets—“A crust or shell, a rough casing ; shards.” “The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry.” These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

The epithet *ful!-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery ; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day. HENLEY.

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;²
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;³
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Yet

² *Check* may mean, in this place, a *reproof*; but I rather think it signifies *command*, *controul*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

³ Dr Warburton reads—*bauble*.] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a *bribe*.

WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censor knew it not.

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. It was a kind of truncheon, (says Sir John Hawkins,) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than a *finecure* at court, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of infants who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans.

STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer than doing nothing for a brabe;—

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or plaything for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet;—but I think with Dr Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble*.

Doing nothing in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments; in the same sense as when we say, *melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere*. MALONE.

Yet keeps his book uncross'd:⁵ no life to ours.⁶

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.⁷

Arv. What should we speak of,⁸
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!⁹
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,

Doth

⁵ So, in *Skialetbeia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:

“ Yet stands he in the *debet book uncross'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. compared with ours. STEEVENS.

⁷ To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

⁸ This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

⁹ Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us.

STEEVENS.

Doth ill deserve by doing well: what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment: and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.⁹ I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus
meanly
I'the cave, wherein they bow,² their thoughts do hit

The

⁹ The comparative—*greater*, which violates the measure, is surely an absurd interpolation; the *low-brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place of *no state at all*. STEEVENS.

² The old editions read:

I'the cave, whereon the bowe;

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as it stands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend.

The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,⁴
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;⁵
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou

bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave.

WARBURTON.

⁴ The old copy of the play (except here, where it may only be a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs ; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Vergil] is often quoted in the margin ; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Otway was evidently of the same opinion, as he has so denominated one of the sons of Acasto in *The Orphan*.

The translations, however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakspeare the name of *Polydore*. STEEVENS.

⁵ Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :⁶
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
 place
 Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now :—Pisania ! Man !
 Where is Posthūmus ?⁷ What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,

Would

⁶ i. e. to the grave of Euriphile ; or, to the grave of *their mother*, as *they suppose it to be*. The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave.
 MALONE.

Perhaps he did write so, and the present reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publishers. STEEVENS.

⁷ Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Almost throughout this play he calls *Posthūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*, always *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes* :

“ The diadem that *Darius* erst had borne——

“ The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border——.”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ That gilding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of *Posthumus* is the rather remarkable, as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs, and in another place :

“ To his protection ; call him *Posthūmus*.

“ Struck the main-top !—O, *Posthūmus* ! alas.” RITSON.

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing. MALONE.

The propriety of the foregoing remark, is not altogether confirmed by the practice of our ancient translators from classick authors. STEEVENS.

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
 Into a haviour⁸ of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender ? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand !
 That drug-damn'd⁹ Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ;² whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,³
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

This

⁸ This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

² Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

³ Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witnesses:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,⁴
Whose mother was her painting,⁵ hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:⁶—to pieces with me!—O,

Men's

⁴ There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a jay and a whore: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Teach him to know turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ To *hang by the walls*, does not mean, to be converted into *hangings* for a room, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“That have, like unsecur'd armour, *hung by the wall*.”

When a boy, at an ancient mansion house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances, were occasionally *ripped* for domestick uses, (*viz.* mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors.—When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;⁷
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.⁸ Come, here's my heart;
Something afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

All

behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden theatre,
a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw
it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's *New
Way to pay old Debts*. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name,
(like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them
suspected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*.

I think the text is right. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. makes me a coward. POPE.

That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. MALONE.

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on,⁹ how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,² when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have

⁹ A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French.
JOHNSON.

² To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an hunter. JOHNSON.

I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
 'Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life,
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
 Hath Britain all the sun that shines?³ Day, night,
 Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think

There's

³ The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What* then?" The reason of the change is evident.

M. MASON.
 Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question: "*any where,*
 Hath Britain," &c. MALONE.

There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is;⁴ and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self danger; you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view:⁵ yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty,⁶ not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!⁷) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;⁸ and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein

You

⁴ To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

⁵ With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

JOHNSON.
Full of view may mean—affording an *ample prospect*, a *complete* opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know. STEEVENS.

⁶ I read—*Through* peril. *I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty*; I would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

⁷ I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

—— the harder hap! JOHNSON.

You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,³ (which you'll make him know,⁴
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you : for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.⁵ Pr'ythee, away ;
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us ;⁶ This attempt
I'm foldier to,⁷ and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis.

³ i. e. wherein you are accomplished. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. The common books have it :
——which will make him know,——.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove that it
should be :

——which will make him so,——.

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

⁵ Alluding to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. So, in
The Two Gentlemen of Verona : “ —— to fast, like one that takes diet.”
STEEVENS.

⁶ We'll make our work even with our time ; we'll do what time will
allow. JOHNSON.

⁷ I have enlisted and bound myself to it. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt ; I have enough of ardour
to undertake it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly just. *I m foldier to*, is equi-
valent to the modern cant phrase—*I am up to it*, i. e. I have ability for it.

STEEVENS.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
 Left, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box; I had it from the queen;⁸
 What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
 Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

Cym.

Our subjects, sir,
 Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
 To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
 Appear unkinglike.

Luc.

So, sir, I desire of you
 A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.
 Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
 The due of honour in no point omit:—
 So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc.

Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
 I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

⁸ Instead of this box, the modern editors have in a former scene made the queen give Pisanio a *vial*, which is dropp'd on the stage, without being broken. See Act I. sc. vi.

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all the *boxes* in his closet. MALONE.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and Lords,

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty ;
We have noted it. Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Q 2

Queen.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
 Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—

[Exit CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
 He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either: She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
 Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
 Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
 This night forestall him of the coming day!⁹ [Exit Queen.]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than

⁹ i. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque*:

“Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.” MALONE.

Than lady, ladies, woman;² from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outfells them all: I love her therefore; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthúmus, flanders so her judgement,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
 Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
 No further halting: satisfy me home,
 What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge

Touching

² *She has all courtly parts, says he, more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.* JOHNSON.

Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.]

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.³ } *Aside.*
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [Aside.]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
those

³ These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

*Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.*

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added sily: You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.* The subsequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to justify the arrangement of the old copies. STEEVENS.

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction which Pisanio afterwards gave:

“ ———— Lord Cloten,
“ Upon my lady's missing, came to me,
“ With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
“ If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
“ It was my instant death: By accident,
“ I had a feigned letter of my master's
“ Then in my pocket, which directed him
“ To seek her on the mountains near to Milford.”

But if the words, *Or this, or perish*, belong to Pisanio, as the letter was feigned, they must have been spoken out, not aside. HENLEY.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, “I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury.” MALONE.

those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Q 4

Pis.

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [Exit.]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be,
'To him that is most true.⁴ To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
Is forer,⁵ than to lie for need: and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
'Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,

My

⁴ Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to *them both*. MALONE.

⁵ Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call;⁶ I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil,⁷ speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.⁸—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.

Best

⁶ Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—'*I were best not call.*' MALONE.

⁷ *Civil*, for human creature. WARBURTON.

⁸ I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read:

———*Ho! who's here?*

If any thing's that's civil, take or lend,

If savage, speak.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, take a price for what I want, or lend it for a future recompense; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state. JOHNSON.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage bold* signifies the habitation of a *beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson*, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the *savage* in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in supposing that the word *savage* does not mean, in this place, a *wild beast*, but a *brutish man*, and in that sense it is opposed to *civil*: in the former sense, the word *human* would have been opposed to it, not *civil*. So, in the next act, Imogen says:

“Our courtiers say, all's *savage* but at court.” M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least *silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompence. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *Take, or lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards:

“Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

“To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.”

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! *[She goes into the cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,⁹ and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:²
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, favoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth³
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
[Looking in.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have

⁹ A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*. STEEVENS.

² i. e. our compact. STEEVENS.

³ *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See *Minsheu*, in v. The word is yet used in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. MALONE.

Restive, in the present instance, I believe, means *unquiet*, shifting its posture, like a restive horse. STEEVENS.

I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.⁶

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours :—Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo.

⁶ The old copy reads,—as I do buy.

I think this passage might be better read thus :

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but I would be your bridegroom. [And when I say that I would woo hard, be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, only at the rate at which I would purchase you. TYRWHITT.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
 If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting⁷
 To thee, Posthúmus.

Aside.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
 That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)⁸

Could

⁷ Sir T. Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is, — Had I been a less prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. The same word occurs again in this play of *Cymbeline*, as well as in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

Between *price* and *prize* the distinction was not always observed in our author's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard persons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods?

MALONE.

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee. HEATH.

⁸ The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of deferring multitudes:

i. e. obsequious, paying deference. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-beaded* rabble. JOHNSON.

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or many headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them*;]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obeisance*.

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands

His

There was no such word as *defer* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time.
“*Deferer a une compaignie,*” Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains
thus: “To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie.”

MALONE.

That *nothing* gift which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory,
reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they
are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it.

HEATH.

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing* multitudes means
unsteady multitudes, who are continually changing their opinions, and
condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is just. STEEVENS.

His absolute commission.⁹ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be supplyant: The words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time

Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saying reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:² yet this imperseverant³ thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall

⁹ He *commands* the commission to be given to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. JOHNSON.

² In single combat. An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. MALONE.

³ Thus the former editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbofom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEEVENS.

shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:⁴ and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all.⁵ I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing

⁴ Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

⁵ Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, fir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*]
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, fir.⁶

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas⁷ breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:⁸
He said, he was gentle,⁹ but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel.

⁶ I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. MALONE.

⁸ Not *move* him to tell his story. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Gentle*, is *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.
Rather, of rank above the vulgar. STEEVENS.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever. [Exit IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd,² appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in cha-
racters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.³

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!⁴

Bel.

² These speeches are improperly distributed between Imogen and Belarius; and I flatter myself that every reader of attention will approve of my amending the passage, and dividing them in the following manner:

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you; and shall be ever.

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c. M. MASON.

³ Spurs, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

Hence probably the spur of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

⁴ Shakspeare had only seen English vines which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the elder. Perhaps we should read—untwine—from the vine. JOHNSON.

Surely

Bel. It is great morning.⁵ Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates?
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.⁶

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decayed [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root *with* the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As to *untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *King Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read—*entwine*. He says “Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief.” STEEVENS.

There is no need of alteration. The elder is a plant whose roots are much shorter lived than the vine's, and as those of the vine swell and outgrow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold. HENLEY.

⁵ A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. STEEVENS.

⁶ Than answering that abusive word *slave*. *Slave* should be printed in Italicks. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again.” MALONE.

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
 Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No,⁷ nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
 My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
 I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
 'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustick mountaineer.⁸

[*Exeunt, fighting.*
Enter

⁷ This negation is at once superfluous and injurious to the metre.

STEEVENS.

⁸ I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking,⁹ were as his : I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear : But see, thy brother.

on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him ; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot ; and yet, *Act* III. *sc.* i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy ; and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgement) ; and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants ; to get her person into his power afterwards ; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what:² cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,³
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation;⁴ ay, and that

From

² I am *well informed*, what. So, in this play:

"I'm *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms." JOHNSON.

³ To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice. JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. MALONE.

⁴ Old copy—his *honour*.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a mad man, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies; and the meaning seems plainly this: "Though he was always *fickle* to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not

From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madnefs could fo far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that fuch as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make fome stronger head: the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and fwear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he fo undertaking,
 Or they fo suffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods forefay it: howfoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ficknefs
 Did make my way long forth.³

Gui. With his own fword,
 Which he did wave againft my throat, I have ta'en

His

not madnefs itfelf could make him fo hardy to attempt an enterprize of
 this nature alone, and unfeconded." THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour,
 was the fafhion, which was perpetually changing. WARBURTON.

This would be a ftrange description of honour; and appears to me in
 its prefent form to be abfolute nonfence. The fenfe indeed abfolutely
 requires that we fhould adopt Theobald's amendment, and read *humour*
 inftead of *honour*.

Belarius is fpeaking of the difpofition of Cloten, not of his princi-
 ples:—and this account of him agrees with what Imogen fays in the lat-
 ter end of the fcene, where fhe calls him "that *irregulous* devil Cloten."

M. MASON.

I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Mr. Theobald
 fuggested. The context ftrongly fupports the emendation; but what
 decifively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio
 has, in like manner printed *honour* inftead of *humour* in *The Merry Wives*
of Windfor, Act I. fc. iii:

"Falftaff will learn the *honour* of the age."

The quarto reads rightly—"the *humour* of the age." MALONE.

³ Fidele's ficknefs made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*.

JOHNSON.

His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reckon.

[Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :
'Would, Polydore thou hadst not done't ! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
'Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet,⁴ would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,⁵
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,⁶
And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys !⁷ They are as gentle

As

⁴ Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition.

JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. to restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it
into his cheeks. STEEVENS.

⁶ I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many
Clotens as would fill a parish. JOHNSON.

“ His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with
pock-holes, so that half a parish of children might have played at cherry-
pit in his face.” FARMER.

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish,
or any number, of such fellows as Cloten ; not, “ I would let out a
parish of blood.” EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards, is, I think, right. MALONE.

⁷ The first folio has :

Thou divine Nature ; thou thyself thou blazon'st—

The

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head? and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invifible inſtinct ſhould frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have ſent Cloten's clotpoll down the ſtream,
 In embaffy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
 For his return. *[Solemn muſick.]*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? ſince death of my dear'ſt
 mother
 It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
 Should answer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,⁸
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,

And

The ſecond folio omits the firſt *thou*. REED.

Read:—how *thyſelf thou blazon'ſt*— M. MASON.

I have received this emendation, which is certainly judicious.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Toys* formerly ſignified freaks, or frolicks. MALONE.

Toys are trifles. STEEVENS.

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?⁹ find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare²
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,³
Thou

⁹ O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? So, in *Alba, the Montbess Mind of a melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598:

"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,
"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found."

MALONE.

² The folio reads:

—thy sluggish care:

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesced, and inserted it in the text. Mr. Simpson, among his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

—thy sluggish crare.

A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32: "—the owner of every ship, vessel, or *crayer*." TYRWHITT.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou*, sluggish crare, might'st, &c. The epithet *sluggish* is used with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. MALONE.

³ This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but* ah! The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I believe, "but *ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here. MALONE.

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R

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues⁴ from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.⁵

Gui.

⁴ Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *bob*-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. STEEVENS.

⁵ Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse:—

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which

press. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

“The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite.”

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*:

“Cov’ring with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,

“The little *red-breast* teacheth charitie.” STEEVENS.

——the *ruddock would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *Babes of the Wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

In *Cornucopia, or divers secrets wherein is contained the rare secrets in Man, Beasts, Fowles, Fishes, Trees, Plantes, Stones, and such like most pleasant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in English. Newlie drawen out of divers Latine Authors into English*, by Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, signat. E. it is said, “The robin redbrest if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also.” REED.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner as confirms the old reading:

“Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

“Since o’er shady groves they hover,

“And with leaves and flowers do cover

“The friendless bodies of unburied men;

“Call unto his funeral dole

“The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

“To rear him *billocks* that shall keep him warm,” &c.

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster’s play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster’s play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: “And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare,” &c.

STEEVENS;

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

“——you’re very welcome;

“Here’s rosemary for you, and rue for you;

“Heart’s-ease for you; I pray make much of it;

“I have left more for myself.” MALONE.

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv.

Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv.

Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv.

We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,⁶
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui.

Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites's body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Gui.

If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv.

'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv.

So,—Begin.

⁶ *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

SONG.

*Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,⁷
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The scepter, learning, physick, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.⁸*

*Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
 Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

*Gui. No exorciser harm thee!⁹
 Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both

⁷ This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἀθλιον ἔκετι διψήσεις, ἔκετι πεινήσεις, &c.

WARBURTON.

⁸ The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death; neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.

JOHNSON.

⁹ I have already remarked that Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them.

M. MASON.

Both. *Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!*²

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:³—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is
the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be fix miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But, 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A head.

² For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory.

JOHNSON.

³ Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. MALONE.

A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face⁴—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil,⁵ Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!⁶—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.⁷—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!⁸
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

⁴ *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers.

STEEVENS.

⁵ I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with th' irreligious devil, —. JOHNSON.

Irregular (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura nagans sibi nata*. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. the top of the mainmast. STEEVENS.

⁷ I would willingly read:

And left thy head on. STEEVENS.

This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion. STEEVENS.

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothfayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.⁸

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:⁹
(I fast, and pray'd,² for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends,
(Unless my fins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—

Let's

⁸ i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the prince of Sienna: but, unluckily, Sienna was a republick. STEEVENS.

⁹ It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

² Fast is here very licentiously used for fasted. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—lift for lifted. MALONE.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one, Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems, They crave to be demanded : Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture ?³ What's thy interest In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ? What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas ! There are no more such masters : I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth ! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.* They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo.

³ To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases ; the question therefore is,—Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it “ is not well *done* ? ” STEEVENS.

Fecit was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

Imo. I'll follow, fir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes ⁴ can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. ⁵

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave : Come, arm him. ⁶— Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful : wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace. ⁷

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen

Upon

⁴ Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. hire me ; receive me unto your service. MALONE.

⁶ That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANMER.

⁷ This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act. JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of Act IV. and that which in Dr. Johnson is the eighth scene of Act IV. is in this the seventh scene. STEEVENS.

Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1. Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally.
 For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome ;
 We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy [*To PISANIO.*
 Does yet depend.⁸

1. Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
 I am amaz'd with matter.⁹

1. Lord. Good my liege,
 Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of :² come more, for more you're ready :
 The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym.

⁸ My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending.

JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. confounded by a variety of business. STEEVENS.

² Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter³ from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heaven's still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.
'These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king,⁴ or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britains slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts⁵
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among

³ Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say.—I have not *heard* a syllable from him. MALONE.

⁴ I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. revolters. STEEVENS.

Among the bands) may drive us to à render
Where we have liv'd ; ⁶and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer ⁷would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, fir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, ⁸have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; ⁹aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, fir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?

Never

⁶ An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

⁷ The retaliation of the death of Cloten would be death, &c.

JOHNSON.

⁸ Theirs fires regularly disposed. JOHNSON.

Quarter'd fires, I believe, means no more than *fires in the respective quarters* of the Roman army. STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, the certain consequence of this hard life. MALONE.

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest'd beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
 If you will blest me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Aside.*
Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.²

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth,³ I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

If

² The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send. JOHNSON.

³ This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburthen himself, but imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;⁴
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.⁵

But

gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

⁴ For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

— *each* worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

— *each elder worse*;

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

Where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

⁵ The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

“ You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

“ To have them fall no more: —.”

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes:

“ And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.”,

But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
And make me blest'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough

That,

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read :

And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence :

And make them dread, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them deeded to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in *Macbeth* :

“ ————— my sword

“ I sheath again *undeeded*.”

I will try again, and read thus :

— others you permit

To second ills with ills, each other worse,

And make them trade it, to the doer's thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says :

“ Thy sin's, not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread* it is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking :—“ To sinner it, or saint it” —and “ to coy it.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and in my opinion not a bad one :—“ Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers.”

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state of prosperity*. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's *thrift*, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—The same sentiment occurs in *The False One*, though not so seriously introduced, where the Soldier, speaking of the contrition of Septimius who murdered Pompey, says, “ he was happy he was a rascal, to come to this.” M. MASON.

'That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pitied or hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army ;
 at the other side, the British army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS
 following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and
 go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO
 and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO,
 and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me ; Or could this carl,⁶
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

K

⁶ *Carl or churl* (ceorl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman. RITSON.
 Verstegan says *ceorle*, now written *churle*, was anciently understood for
 a sturdy fellow. REED.

Carle is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. See the
 poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As
 you like it*. STEEVENS.

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken:
 then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
 ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
 The lane is guarded; nothing roots us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue
 CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO,
 and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
 Let's re-enforce, or fly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post.

I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord.

I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;²
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base³ than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,⁴)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
*Our Britain's barts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, stand, stand,
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began*

A stop

² The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject. MUSGRAVE.

³ A rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Shame* for modesty. WARBURTON.

A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die, or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs⁵ o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it:⁶ You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

[*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord!⁷ O noble misery!
 To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,⁸

Could

⁵ — bugs—] Terrors. JOHNSON.

⁶ Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

⁷ Read:—*This a lord!* RITSON.

⁸ Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'the war. Well, I will find him;
 For, being now a favourer to the Roman,⁹
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer² be
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be pras'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,³
 That gave the affront with them.⁴

1. *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
 As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

ple given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent."

WARBURTON.

⁹ The editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* still. JOHNSON.

² *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

³ *Silly* is *simple* or *ruffick*. STEEVENS.

⁴ That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE,⁵ attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen,⁶ you have locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.⁷

I know,

⁵ This is the only instance in these plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] expressed his contempt of such mummary.

RITSON.

⁶ The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

⁷ Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, taken mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds.⁸ O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

*Solemn musick.*⁹ Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus,
 father

more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I doff my freedom,——. STEEVENS.

I believe Posthumus means to say, “since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be.” I suspect, however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*. MALONE.

⁸ This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches. JOHNSON.

An allusion to the same legal instrument has more than once debased the imagery of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁹ Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the senical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will show that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable:—“We have a sufficient instance of

father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
'That from me was Posthúmus ript,²
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
'That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

I. *Bro.*

of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nash, called *Lenten Stufte, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs*, *four* acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players." STEEVENS.

One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyfes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation.

RITSON.

2. Perhaps we should read:

*That from my womb Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes.* JOHNSON.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needful jealousy;
 And to become the geck³ and scorn
 O'the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2. *Bro.*

³ And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.
 A geck is a fool. STEEVENS.

2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends*⁴ in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.⁵ Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

[*Ascends.*

Stoop'd,

⁴ It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. STEEVENS.

⁵ That is, the more delightful for being delayed.—It is scarcely necessary to observe, in the seventh volume, that Shakspeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles. M. MASON.

Delighted is here either used for *delighted in*, or for *delighting*. So, in *Otello*:

“If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack——.” MALONE.

Though it be hardly worth while to waste a conjecture on the wretched stuff before us, perhaps the outhor of it, instead of *delighted* wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. STEEVENS.

Stoop'd, as to foot us :⁶ his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest'd fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing,⁷ and cloy's his beak,⁸
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof: — Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and
 begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers; But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve;
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,*
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air;
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and
plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing;

Or

⁶ i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. STEEVENS.

⁷ A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. STEEVENS.

⁸ Perhaps we should read:

——— claws his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.⁶ Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;⁷ purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:⁸ O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor⁹ but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post.

⁶ The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madness, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life.* We might perhaps read:

Whether both, or nothing,—. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: “——seven of the eleven I *pay'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Drawn is *embowell'd, exenterated*.—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

⁹ For an *accounting book*. JOHNSON.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry² on your own peril: and how shall you speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.³ Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exit.*]

² That is, *venture* at it without thought. So, *Macbeth*:

“We'd jump the life to come.” JOHNSON.

To jump is to hazard. MALONE.

³ i. e. forward. STEEVENS.

SCENE V. 4

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor foldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found;
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.⁵

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS,
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:

Further

⁴ Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

⁵ To promise *nothing but poor looks*, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise, my knights o'the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wise to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love⁶
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym.

⁶ i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. STEEVENS.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, fir, and worfe. She did confefs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhow: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpite
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
Deſpairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming; it had been vicious,
To have miſtruſted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothſayer, *and other*
Roman priſoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and
IMOGEN.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good-ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which our ſelf have granted;
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, fir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May

May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
 Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat,⁷ so nurse-like : let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, fir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
 His favour is familiar⁸ to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good-lad ;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
 There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
 I love thee more and more ; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
 Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo.

⁷ So ready ; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.

⁸ I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One and another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress :

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to IACH.*] step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. 'Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym.

Cym.

How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach.

That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail² to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were: and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,³ laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop

⁹ Mr. Rirson (and I perfectly agree with him) thinks this pronoun
should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on similar occasions, is often
known to have been the case. How injurious this syllable is to the present
measure, I think no reader of judgement can fail to perceive.

STEEVENS.

² To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many
authors. STEEVENS.

³ *Feature* for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not understanding
would alter to *stature*.

— for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; —

i.e. the

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym.

I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach.

All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian⁴ had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him

Pieces

i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“O'er picturing *that Venus* where we see

“*The fancy outwork nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we at present call *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. as if Dian. So, in *The Winter's Tale*; “—— he utters them as he had eaten ballads.” MALONE.

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, flakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes⁵
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer!⁶ Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,

By

⁵ Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Justicer* is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. HENLEY.

The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. REED.

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.⁷
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. *[Striking her: she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers⁸ on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O Gods!—
 I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which

⁷ That is,—She was not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

⁸ This wild and delirious perturbation. Staggers is the horse's apoplexy.
 JOHNSON.

Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

My boys,

There was our error.

Gui.

This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think, that you are upon a rock ;² and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him.

Post.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die !

Cym.

How now, my flesh, my child ?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard³ in this act ?

Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo.

² In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, — Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced ; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

³ In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. STEEVENS.

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him⁴
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forbend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence; pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here.

To

⁴ Which led or induced him. MALONE.

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee ;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king :
This man is better than the man he flew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever fear for. Let his arms alone ; [To the Guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old foldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ?⁵ How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three ;
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good is his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave ;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age ;⁶ indeed, a banish'd man ;

I know

⁵ The consequence is taken for the whole action ; *by tasting is by forcing us to make thee taste.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *Reach'd or attain'd this age.* STREYENS.

I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my mere offence,⁷ my punishment

Itself,

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we should read *gage*; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

“ We will die all three;
“ But I will prove two of us are as good
“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

Assum'd *this age*, has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.
HENLEY.

⁷ Modern editors—*near*.] I think this passage may better be read thus:—

*Your pleasure was my dear offence, my punishment
Itself, was all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did.*—

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages.

Dr.

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having received the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.⁸
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand

OF

Dr. Johnson would read—*dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading—*meere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation; which is also commended by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

⁸ “Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more: Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.⁹

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce² abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

Distinct.

⁹ The folio gives:

When we were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read:

Imo. I, your brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—“when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other.” MALONE.

² *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*. JOHNSON.

Distinction should be rich in.³—Where? how liv'd you?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
 And your three motives to the battle,⁴ with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by-dependancies,
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long intergatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy; the counterchange
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
 Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor befeeming; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach.

³ i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. STEEVENS.

⁴ That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "both our remedies," means *the remedy for us both*. M. MASON.

Iach. I am down again ; [Kneeling.]
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
 Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me ;
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
 Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome
 Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, me thought,
 Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd,
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows⁵
 Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing⁶
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it ;⁷ let him show
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
 unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
 tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
 jointed*

⁵ Groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

⁶ Whose containing means, the contents of which. M. MASON.

⁷ A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises.

jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much;
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:⁸—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.⁹

Sooth.

⁸ I think it better to read:

By peace we will begin. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but Johnson's amendment is right. The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "*peace and plenty.*" To which Cymbeline replies: "*We will begin with peace, to fulfil the prophecy.*"

M. MASON.

⁹ i. e. have laid most heavy hand on. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakspeare certainly wrote, many such elliptical expressions being found in his works.

Mr.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
 So vanish'd: which fore-show'd our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through Lud's town march;
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*²

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

On whom heaven's justice (both on her and hers)

Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

² This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A SONG

A SONG sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

A SONG Sung by Clotenius and Arviragus over Imble,
buried in the wood.

At the Western Corner of the Church-yard
The poor Imble, a grassy mound,
That once was a village, and now is a wood,
Lies covered with a turf of bloom,
And all the country round, where we do dwell,
Is a garden of flowers, and a field of grain,
The flowers are the flowers of the field,
And the field is the field of the flowers,
The flowers are the flowers of the field,
And the field is the field of the flowers,
The flowers are the flowers of the field,
And the field is the field of the flowers,
The flowers are the flowers of the field,
And the field is the field of the flowers,

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And the field is the field of the flowers,
The flowers are the flowers of the field,
And the field is the field of the flowers,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

* * It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called, *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. “John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*.”

“Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof.”

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that “there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited ‘five-and-twenty or thirty years:’ which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt.”

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discredibly mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

“ ————— as welcome shall you be
“ To me, my daughters, and my son in law,
“ As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
“ When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*.”

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a *Thersites* babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this piece. STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. “ I have been told” (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) “ by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.”

“ A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*” was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Strew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed. See the *Dissertation on King Henry VI.* in Steevens's last edition, Vol. X. p. 428.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question. —I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Feronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I. The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, for some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble Roman.*

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths, and Romans.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title² with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—

Know

² i. e. my title to the succession. MALONE.

Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls:
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country

Commit

Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee,—

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS :
after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black ;
then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS
ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS,
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, pri-
soners ; soldiers and people, following. The bearers set down
the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !³

Lo,

³ I suspect that the poet wrote :

——— in my mourning weeds !

i. e. Titus would say : Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory.

WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits.

JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead.

STEEVENS.

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,²
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors:
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?³—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.⁴

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam.

² Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

³ Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. MALONE.

⁴ It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and common weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;⁵
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then,

⁵ "Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.*

Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare from this passage: but our present author, whoever he was, might have found a translation of it in several places, provided he was not acquainted with the original.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,⁶
 May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure

⁶ I read against the authority of all the copies:

————— in her tent,

i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of Ovid. See *Metam.* XIII. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in Ovid: "*vadit ad artificem,*" and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides in the original. Mr. Steevens justly observes in a subsequent note near the end of this scene, that there is "a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare." MALONE.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :

O, blest me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !⁷

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords :

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,⁸

And

⁷ This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*.

WARBURTON.

To live in fame's date, is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

To outlive an eternal date, is though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

⁸ The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death. MALONE.

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don⁹ this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy foldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.²

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not.

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—

Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But

⁹ i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes.” STREEVENS.

² Here is rather too much of the ὕστερον πρότερον. STEEVENS.

But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine : whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine

Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes ; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this :

Lav. Not I, my lord ;³ fith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc.

³ It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again ; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent railery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice. STEEVENS.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS kills MURIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece⁴
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To

⁴ Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. ⁵

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA,
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid^d to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!

In

⁵ A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th-year of King Henry VIII. *Rufflers* are enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183. STEEVENS.

To *ruffle*, meant, to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

^d i. e. invited. MALONE.

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That flew himself; and wife Laertes' son
 Did graciously plead for his funerals.⁷
 Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rife, Marcus, rife :—
 The difmall'ft day is this, that e'er I faw,
 To be difhonour'd by my fons in Rome!—
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, fweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man fhed tears for noble Mutius;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's caufe.

Mar. My lord,—to ftep out of thefe dreary dumps,—
 How comes it, that the fubtle queen of Goths
 Is of a fudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
 Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
 Is fhe not then beholden to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn fo far?
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter at one fide, SATURNINUS, attended;
 TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At
 the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So Baffianus, you have play'd your prize;⁸
 God give you joy, fir, of your gallant bride.

Baf. And you of yours, my lord: I fay no more,
 Nor wifh no lefs; and fo I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
 Thou

⁷ This paſſage alone would fufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was converſant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon conſents at laſt to allow Ajax the rites of ſepulture, and Ulyſſes is the pleader, whoſe arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

⁸ A technical term in the ancient fencing ſchool. STEEVENS.

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be control'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart,—

My

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
 You are but newly planted in your throne;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Aside.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *hon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.²

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit³ doth earthly honour wait,

And

² In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

³ We should read—Upon her *will*. WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

JOHNSON.

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and sit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hath prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy ears want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clabs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar.

⁴ This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. STEEVENS.

Aar.

Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns:
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

*Dem.*Not I; till I have sheath'd^s

My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 This pretty brabble will undo us all.—
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jut upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
 This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are you mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,
 And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell

^s This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other.

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose,⁶ to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;⁷
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What,

⁶ Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thousand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which these are an answer, seem to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

⁷ These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *King Henry VI*:

“*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;*

“*She is a woman, therefore to be won.*”

This coincidence may lead one to suspect that the author of the present play was also author of the original *Henry VI*. I do not, indeed, conceive either to be the production of Shakspeare; for though his hand is sufficiently visible in some parts of the other play, particularly in the second scene of the fourth act, there does not appear a single line in this, which can have any pretensions to that honour: and therefore the testimony of Meres and the publication of the players must necessarily yield to the force of intrinsic and circumstantial evidence. It is much to be regretted that the dramatick works of our earliest tragick writers, as Greene and Peele for instance, and “sporting Kyd,” and “Marlowe's mighty line,” are not collected and published together, if it were only to enable the readers of Shakspeare to discriminate between his style and that of which he found the stage, and has left some of his dramas, in possession; and of which I consider this play, and at least four fifths of the First Part of *King Henry VI*. (including the whole of the first act) the performances, no doubt, of one or other of the writers already named, as a genuine and not unfavourable specimen. Indeed, I should take Kyd to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin; though I must confess that, in the first of those good qualities, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the *Spanish Tragedy*. Some few of the obsolete dramas I allude to, are, it is true, to be found in the collections of Dodsley and Hawkins: though I could wish that each of those gentlemen had confined his researches to the further side of the year 1600. Future editors will, doubtless, agree in ejecting a performance by which their author's name is dishonoured, and his works are disgraced. RITSON.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁸

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bissianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,⁹

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are ye such fools,

To square for this?² Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That

⁸ A Scots proverb: "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps."

STEEVENS.

⁹ Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *King Henry VI.* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time than any other amusement, I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy the rest of the piece. STEEVENS.

Demetrius surely here addresses Aaron, not his brother. MALONE.

² To *square* is to *quarrel*. But to *square*, which in this instance signifies to *differ*, is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to *agree*. STEEVENS.

That you affect; and so must you resolve;
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind³ for rape and villainy:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,⁴
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,⁵
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wilhes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
 There serve your iust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*⁶

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

³ That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism:

“ — Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,

“ *Auri sacra fames?*” *Virg.* MALONE.

⁵ i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

⁶ These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.⁷

A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,⁸
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,

Somewhat

⁷ The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

⁸ i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but gray, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair.” STEEVENS.

The old copy is, I think, right, nor did *gray* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It signified *blue*, “of heaven's own tinct.”

MALONE.

A lady's eye of any colour may be bright; but still *gray* cannot mean *aerial blue*, nor a *gray* morning a *bright* one. Mr. Malone says *gray* is *blue*. Is a *gray* coat then a *blue* one? STEEVENS.

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.¹

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,²

[*Hides the gold.*

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.³

¹ To inherit formerly signified to possess. MALONE.

² Unrest, for disquiet, is a word frequently used by the old writers.

STEEVENS.

³ This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come
at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,⁴
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a council-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,

Be

⁴ In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of King James II. are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

“ The emperor, with wine and luxury o'ercome,
 “ Is fallen *asleep*; in's *pendant couch* he's laid,
 “ That *hangs* in yonder grotto rock'd by winds,
 “ Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
 “ And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
 “ Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
 “ And cool him into golden slumbers:
 “ This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
 “ My lovely Aaron, wherefore,” &c.—

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

There is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora. It appears to me to be the only one in the play that is in the style of Shakspeare.

M. MASON.

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.⁵

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :⁶

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
Now question me no more, we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

⁵ Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says "it is observable that the nurses call sleep *by, by* ; *lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep*." But to *lull* originally signified to *sleep*. *To compose to sleep by a pleasing sound* is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house* ; go to *by* is go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good *house*, may your *house* prosper ; and Selby, the Archbishop of York's palace, is great *house*. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*, i. e. the cradle. HOLT WHITE.

⁶ The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomackia*, 1585. "The star of *Saturn* is especially cooling, and somewhat drie," &c.

COLLINS.

Enter

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian³
Doth make your honour of his ~~body's~~ hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For fauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :⁴

Good

³ *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

⁴ He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

The true reading may be—made *her*, i. e. *Tamora*. STEEVENS.

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

I am. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

I am. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,⁵

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.⁶

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi.

⁵ i. e. hedgehogs. STEEVENS.

⁶ This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope⁷ braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain,

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet

⁷ *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

The ruggedness of this line persuades me that the word—*hope* is an interpolation, the sense being complete without it;

And with that painted, braves your mightiness. STEEVENS.

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.
 Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
 Be no obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I pitiless ;—
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent ;
 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place :
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long ;
 Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;
 Where never man's eye may behold my body :
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !
 The blot and enemy to our general name !
 Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth :—Bring thou her
 husband ; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her sure :

Ne'er

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
 Till all the Andronici be made away.
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
 Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
 Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
 As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
 A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
 That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
 here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
 How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
 Aaron and thou look down into this den,
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring,⁸ that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To

⁸ There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence.

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless⁹ tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;
Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree :
Look, firs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.*

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold,
[Showing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To TIT.] fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have

⁹ i. e. untimely. So, in *King Richard II*:
"The bloody office of his timeless end." STEEVENS.

Have here bereft my brother of his life :—
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
 There let them bide, until we have devis'd
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !
 How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
 I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
 Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent.—
 Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :
 For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
 They shall be ready at your highness' will,
 To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them ; see, thou follow me.
 Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
 Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
 That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;
 Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd ;
 her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
 Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;
 And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!³
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.—
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him,⁴ cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth

³ If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

⁴ Old copies—detect them. The same mistake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. MALONE.

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the filken strings delight to kiss them ;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life :
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's ⁵ feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution ; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling

⁵ ——— Thracian poet's—] Orpheus. STEEVENS.

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep langour, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,⁶
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
 All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive

⁶ Oxford editor.—Vulg. two ancient ruins. JOHNSON.

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Euter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight?³
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;⁴

For

³ We should read—*spight*. WARBURTON.

⁴ Perhaps we should read:

— or *chop off*, &c.

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

I have

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,⁵
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer;⁶ and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;

And here my brother, weeping at my woes;

But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It

I have no doubt but the text is as the author wrote it. Let him answer for the blunder. In a subsequent line Titus supposes himself his own executioner: "Now all the service I require of *them*" &c.

MALONE.

⁵ This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare's works; this one expression is found however in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began." MALONE.

⁶ The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

It would have madded me; What shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo⁷ is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?⁸

O, none

⁷ The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

⁸ Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth,

O, none of both but are of high desert;
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death:
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Act.

corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critick as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612): "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. IV. cap. xviii. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and, Diomede,

"Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's proof (says Mr. Heath) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and, Diomede,

"Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. See Grose's *Treatise of ancient Armour*, p. 12, from whence it appears that *castle* may only be a corruption of the old French word—*casquetel*. Thus also, in *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 815: "——— Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king," &c.

A remark, however, of my late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt, has taught me to suspect the validity of my quotation from *Holinshed*; for one of the knights in the tournament described, made his entry in a *fountain*, and another in a *borse-litter*. Sir Thomas Knevet therefore might have appeared in a building formed in imitation of a *castle*. STEEVENS.

The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced in ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself much more decisive.

MALONE.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along.
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I should be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd. —

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

[*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA,

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne!

To

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: See, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 'The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
 Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.⁹

A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

And

⁹ This, scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

And when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,

May run into that sink, and soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd² upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And,

² A very coarse allusion to brewing. STEEVENS.

And, by still practice,³ learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that I ha' I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?⁴

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buz lamenting doings in the air ?⁵

Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then

³ By constant or continual practice. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens judiciously conjectures that the words—and mother, should be omitted. We might read :

But !—How if that fly had a father, brother ?

The note of exclamation seems necessary after—*But*, from what Marcus says, in the preceding line :

“ Alas ! my lord I have but kill'd a fly.” RITSON.

⁵ *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read—*dolings*. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense ; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression. STEEVENS.

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
 Ah, firrah!⁶—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy fight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
 LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
 Follows me every where, I know not why:—
 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:
 See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some-

⁶ This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales. MALONE.

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.³

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar.

³ The moderns—*oratory*. The old copies read—Tully's *orator*; meaning, perhaps, Tully *De oratore*. STEEVENS.

Tully's *Treatise on Eloquence*, addressed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. ROWE and all the subsequent editors read—Tully's *oratory*. MALONE.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves.*

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his
feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That

* To quote is to observe: STEEVENS.

That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*⁵

Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.

My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,⁶
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—

That

⁵ *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy.

STEEVENS.

⁶ The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio of a reading (incontestably the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent criticks, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakspeare :

*My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me, as with the woful peer,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape——.*

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, fig. A 4 :—

“ Christabell, your daughter free,
“ When shall she have a *feere* ?” i. e. a husband.

TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatick writers and others. STEEVENS.

That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel⁷ will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But

⁷ A gad, from the Saxon *gād*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument. MALONE.

But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
 Revenge the heavens⁸ for old Andronicus !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door ; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
 And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [Aside.]

Dem. Gramercy,⁹ lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
 For villains mark'd with rape. [Aside.] May it please
 you,

My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well :

And so I leave you both, [Aside.] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.]

Dem.

⁸ We should read :

Revenge thee, heavens !— WARBURTON.

It should be :

Revenge, ye heavens !—

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, the. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge,*
 &c. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read :

Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

⁹ i. e. *grand merci ; great thanks.* STEEVENS.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their
guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Let us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar.

⁵ Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; so, in *King Henry IV.* Part I: "Here's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *sound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—*Here's no fond jest.* MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Richard III.*

"Good Catesby, go, effect this business *soundly.*"

STEEVENS.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done³ thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe

³ To do is here used obscenely. COLLINS.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole⁴ on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
'That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
'That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls!⁵ ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:⁶
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although

⁴ A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole. JOHNSON.

⁵ The old copies have—white limb'd. The word intended, I think, was—white limn'd. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—white lim'd. MALONE.

I read—lim'd, because I never found the term—limn'd, employed to describe white-washing, and because in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* we have—

“This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

“Wall.”

A layer-on of whitewash is not a limner. Limning comprehends the idea of delineation. STEEVENS:

⁶ Thus both the quarto and the folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns*, which was restored by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

Scorns should undoubtedly be inserted in the text. TYRWHITT.

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.⁷

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁸

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears :

Eye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer ;⁹

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,

The

⁷ This foul illegitimate child. MALONE.

⁸ ——— ignomy.] i. e. ignominy. MALONE.

⁹ Leer is complexion, or hue. STEEVENS.

The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :²
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said :— [Stabbing her.
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou
this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,³ my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him,⁴ and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark

² This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II.

STEEVENS.

³ This line being too long by a foot, *Muliteus*, no Moorish name, (or indeed any name at all,) and the verb—*lives* wanting to the sense in the old copy, I suspect the designation of Aaron's friend to be a corruption, and that our author wrote :

Not far, one Muley lives, my countryman.

Muley lives was easily changed by a blundering transcriber, or printer, into—*Muliteus*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamblers, to act collusively :

“ And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown.”

POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear* :

“ ——— snuffs and packings of the dukes.” STEEVENS.

To *PACK* a jury, is an expression still used; though the practice, I trust, is obsolete. HENLEY.

Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her phyfick,
[Pointing to the Nurse,
 And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms;
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse,

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit,

SCENE III.

The same. A publick Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them;
 with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen,
 with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit:—
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may find her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land;—

No;

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition:
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
 Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung with wrongs,⁵ more than our backs can bear:—

And,

⁵ To wring a horse is to press or strain his back. JOHNSON.

And, fith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak ⁶ our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:⁷
 We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well said,
 Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
 See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
 The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
 That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
 And who should find them but the empress' villain?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter

⁶ ——— to wreck —] i. e. revenge. STEEVENS.

⁷ In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's* complaint, is the following passage;

“ Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
 “ And with my tears wrote in the dust my wee:
 “ I shot my arrowes towards heaven bie,
 “ And for revenge to hell did often crye.”

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: “ If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: “ They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words, *Psalms* lxiv. 3.” *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter;⁸ I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,⁹ to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit.

⁸ Perhaps, in this instance also, the Clown was designed to blunder, by saying, (as does the Dairy-maid in a modern farce) *Jezro Peter*, instead of *Jupiter*. STEEVENS.

⁹ I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian Tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*. MALONE.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:— And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords and Others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his band, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen An emperor of Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, However these disturbers of our peace Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd, But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks, His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his redress: See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury; This to Apollo; this to the god of war; Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome! What's this, but libelling against the senate, And blazoning our injustice every where?

A goodly

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of 'Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart ;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all : [*Aside.*
 But, 'Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ? would'st thou speak with us ?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good
 den : I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons
 here. [*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to
 a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds ;
 May this be borne ?—as if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
 For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man:
 Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more
 cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'Tis he, the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.²
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody.³
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then

² *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial*. See *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“The *imperious* seas,” &c. MALONE.

³ i. e. *stop* their melody. MALONE.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep; ⁴
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To ÆMILIUS.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully,⁵ and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

JOHNSON.
Clover has the effect that Johnson mentions, on black cattle, but not on sheep. Besides, these *honey-stalks*, whatever they may be, are described as rotting the sheep, not as bursting them; whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them. M. MASON.

Perhaps, the author was not so skilful a farmer as the commentator.

MALONE.

⁵ The old copies read—*successantly*; a mere blunder of the press.

STEEVENS.

Whether the author of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape*. By *successantly* I suppose he meant *successfully*.

MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Plains near Rome.**Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,⁶
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

1. Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

2. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;⁷
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon

⁶ — *scath,*] i. e. harm. STEEVENS.

⁷ Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another.

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;⁸
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, well-ey'd slave, wither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;⁹
 And bear it from me to the emperess.

If

⁸ Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." MALONE.

⁹ All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved? THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, hang me. STEEVENS.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously² perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;³
To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !³

Aar.

² I suppose we should read — *pitilessly*, not *piteously*. M. MASON.
Is there such a word as that recommended ? *Piteously* means, in a manner
exciting pity. STEEVENS.

³ Alluding perhaps to a custom mentioned in *Genesis* xxiv. 9 : “ And
the servant put his hand *under the thigh* of Abraham his master, and *swore*
to him concerning that matter.” STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. *lascivious* woman. MALONE.

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit⁵ had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.⁶—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoounded⁷ almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth.

⁵ i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a pillow. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of *Ray's Proverbs*. COLLINS.

⁶ An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

⁷ When this play was written, the verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use. MALONE.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog,³ as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,⁴

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil;⁵ for he must not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

³ To *blush like a black dog* appears from Ray, p. 218, to have been proverbial. REED.

⁴ Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play, and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore in the *Jew of Malta*, Act II. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron in the present scene, will perceive much reason for the opinion. REED.

⁵ It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March⁶ away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
'To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is

⁶ Perhaps this is a mere stage-direction which has crept into the text.

STEEVENS.

Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect ?
 You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
 And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it action ?
 Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
 Witness this wretched slump, these crimson lines ;
 Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
 Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death :
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide

Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's⁷ rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.⁸

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy;
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or,

⁷ The folio reads—*Epton's*; the quarto—*Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft.
STEEVENS.

⁸ I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :

When

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him, till I come again.

[*Aside.*

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit* TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
 Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' emprefs' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emprefs' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin⁹ I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.²
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. *Goth.*

⁹ A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

² i. e. her own produce. MALONE.

1. *Goth.* And ours with thine,³ befall what fortune will,

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and* Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;⁴
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dress'd like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*, young LUCIUS, *and* Others. TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome,

³ And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may. MALONE.

⁴ That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say, he *breaks* his mind.

JOHNSON.

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emprefs.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was,
Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was;
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I: 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[Killing TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[Killing TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Kills SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their partisans ascend the steps before Titus's house.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;⁵
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'fy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [To LUCIUS.] as erst our
 ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The

⁵ The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

“ Thus cram'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

“ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.” [Stabs the empress.

And then—“ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*”

STEEVENS.

⁶ This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a Roman lord. In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to Marcus; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend Lucius to the empire.

STEEVENS.

The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
 'Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even i'the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration:
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd⁷
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*

Of

⁷ i. e. and be basely cozened. MALONE.

Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,⁵
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail;⁶ Rome's royal
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
 [To an Attendant,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious
 governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

For

⁵ i. e. *We* the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down. MALONE.

⁶ This line here, and the same words below, are given in the old copy by mistake to *Marcus*. It is manifest, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that they both belong to the surrounding concourse of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their emperor. MALONE.

For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
 Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kisses Titus.*
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee well :
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so :
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
 Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! even with all my heart
 'Would I were dead, so you did live again !—
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1. Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.⁷

Aar.

⁷ That *justice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roasted* on the stage. STEEVENS.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave:
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;⁸
 That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*⁹

⁸ Then will we apply ourselves to regulate the state. MALONE.

⁹ This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the *Three Parts of Henry VI.* The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to *Byzantium*. And yet

yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernable.

JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgement!

Indeed a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher * had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in *The Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

the copy to be as correct as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually called Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended on; for it is certain, that in the first copies they had entirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Eld, 1594, but the original publisher was Edward White. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales, &c.* the history of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“ She has outdone me, ev’n in mine own art,
 “ Outdone me in murder, kill’d her own child,
 “ Give it me, I’ll eat it.”

It rarely happens that a dramattick piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamēt for robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected thing, let me
 6 observe

observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgement of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in what he has asserted concerning the seven spurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1664 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakspeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothick prepossessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Dr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye, [i. e. his own,] *Shakspeare stands confess'd*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark, that the grand and pathetick circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note. MALONE.

I agree with such of the commentators as think that Shakspeare had no hand in this abominable tragedy; and consider the correctness with which it is printed, as a kind of collateral proof that he had not. The genuine works of Shakspeare have been handed down to us in a more depraved state than those of any other contemporary writer; which was partly owing to the obscurity of his hand writing, having been scarcely legible, and partly to his total neglect of them when committed to the press. And it is not to be supposed, that he should have taken more pains about the publication of this horrid performance, than he did in that of his noblest productions. M. MASON.

The reader may possibly express some surprize on being told that *Titus Andronicus* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21st of Dec. 1720. The receipt of the house was only 35l. 16s. 6d.

It was acted again at the same theatre 19th of March, 1724, for the benefit of Mr. Quin. Receipt in money 80l. 6s. 6d. tickets 64l. 14s.—145l. 0s. 6d.

The characters as follow:—Aaron, Mr. Quin; Titus, Mr. Boheme; Saturninus, Mr. Leigh; Bassianus, Mr. Walker; Lucius, Mr. Ryan; Marcus, Mr. Ogden; Demetrius, Mr. Digges; Chiron, Mr. Ward; Tamora, Mrs. Eggleton; Lavinia, Mrs. Sterling.

Again, on the 25th of April, for the benefit of Mr. Hurst, a dramatick writer. Receipt in money 18l. 2s. tickets 17l. 3s.—35l. 5s. REED.

PERICLES.

* * The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488 : * in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the handwriting and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing “*The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsa his daughter.*” The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower’s poem, as in the present play, called *prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland’s prose romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower’s expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, “*The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man’s life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent*” I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers’ books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare’s plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gossion; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author’s, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare’s other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have

There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488. DCUCE.

have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much-admired play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

“ Amaz’d I stood, to see a crowd
“ Of civil throats stretch’d out so loud;
“ As at a new play, all the rooms
“ Did swarm with gentles mix’d with grooms;
“ So that I truly thought all these
“ Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.”

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play’s uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says:

“ ——— if it prove so happy as to please,
“ We’ll say ’tis fortunate, like *Pericles*.”

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

“ But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
“ Founder’d in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

*Verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome’s
Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars, 4to. 1652.*

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakspeare’s death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us:

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
“ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
“ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
“ Never like him his fancy could display:
“ Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
“ His sweet and his to be admired lay
“ He wrote of lustful Tarquin’s rape, shows he
“ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies. MALONE.

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welfer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απο Αλινικης εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωσσαν*. Du Fresne, Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc. When Welfer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, Godfrey of Viterbo, in his *Pantbeon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14. C. xi.]:

“Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,

“Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.

“Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.”

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantbeon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

There are three French translations of this story, viz.—“*La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyr*,” 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date;—and “*Plaisante et agreable Histoire d'Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d'Antioche*; traduit par Gilles Corozet,” 8vo. Paris, 1530;—and (in the seventh volume of the *Histoires Tragiques*, &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-forest, &c.) “*Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens: ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble*.”

In the introduction to this last novel, the translator says—“*Ayant en main une histoire tiree du Grec, & icelle ancienne, comme aussi je l'ay recueillie d'un vieux livre écrit à la main*,” &c.

But the present story, as it appears in Belle-forest's collection, (Vol. VII. p. 113, & seq.) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-9) of furnishing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander's Feast*. Langbaine, &c. have accused this great poet of adopting circumstances from the *Histoires Tragiques*, among other French novels; a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Apollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MSS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's translation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phæar's *Virgil*, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—“*Prince of Tyrus*.” It is singular enough that this fable should have been republished in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609. I must

I must still add a few words concerning the piece in question.

Numerous are our unavoidable annotations on it. Yet it has been so inveterately corrupted by transcription, interpolation, &c. that were it published, like the other dramas of Shakspeare, with scrupulous warning of every little change which necessity compels an editor to make in it, his comment would more than treble the quantity of his author's text. If therefore the silent insertion or transposition of a few harmless syllables which do not affect the value of one sentiment throughout the whole, can obviate those defects in construction and harmony which have hitherto molested the reader, why should not his progress be facilitated by such means, rather than by a wearisome appeal to remarks that disturb attention, and contribute to diminish whatever interest might otherwise have been awakened by the scenes before him? If any of the trivial supplements, &c. introduced by the present editor are found to be needless or improper, let him be freely censured by his successors, on the score of rashness or want of judgement. Let the Nimrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bears the stamp of antiquity, couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator. To the severest hazard, on this account, he would more cheerfully expose himself, than leave it to be observed that he had printed many passages in *Pericles* without an effort to exhibit them (as they must have originally appeared) with some obvious meaning, and a tolerable flow of versification. The pebble which aspires to rank with diamonds, should at least have a decent polish bestowed on it. Perhaps the piece here exhibited has merit insufficient to engage the extreme vigilance of criticism. Let it on the whole, however, be rendered legible, before its value is estimated, and then its minutiae (if they deserve it) may become objects of contention. The old perplexed and vitiated copy of the play is by no means rare; and if the reader, like *Pericles*, should think himself qualified to evolve the intricacies of a riddle, be it remembered, that the editor is not an Antiochus, who would willingly subject him to such a labour.

That I might escape the charge of having attempted to conceal the liberties taken with this corrupted play, have I been thus ample in my confession. I am not conscious that in any other drama I have changed a word, or the position of a syllable, without constant and formal notice of such deviations from our author's text.

To these tedious prolegomena may I subjoin that, in consequence of researches successfully urged by poetical antiquaries, I should express no surprize if the very title of the piece before us were hereafter, on good authority, to be discarded? Some lucky rummages among papers long hoarded up, have discovered as unexpected things as an author's own manuscript of an ancient play. That indeed of *Tancred and Gismund*, a much older piece, (and differing in many parts from the copy printed in 1592) is now before me.

It is almost needless to observe that our dramattick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his historical namesake; though the adventures of the former are sometimes coincident with those of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*; for the amorous, fugitive, shipwrecked, musical, tilting,

despairing Prince of Tyre is an accomplished knight of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman,

“ Whose resistless eloquence

“ Wielded at will a fierce democratie,

“ Shook th’ arsenal, and fulmin’d over Greece.”

As to Sidney’s *Pyrocles*,—*Tros*, *Tyrus*,—

“ The world was all before him, where to choose

“ His place of rest;”

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick license will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called *Æneas*, nor a Duke of Florence Mithridates; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The playwright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to expose our author’s gross departure from established manners and historick truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney’s worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, so high was the credit of this romance, that many a fashionable word and glowing phrase selected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary sonnets, and gave a transient life even to those dwarfish and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muse.

I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argument cannot be drawn from the false quantity in the second syllable of *Pericles*; and yet if the Athenian was in our author’s mind, he might have been taught by repeated translations from fragments of satiric poets in Sir Thomas North’s *Plutarch*, to call his hero *Pericles*; as for instance, in the following couplet:

“ O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou indeede th: man

“ Which did instruct *Pericles* thus? make answer if thou can.”

&c. &c.

Such therefore was the pronunciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakspeare. The address of Persius to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Perici*, is familiar to the ear of every classical reader.

By

By some of the observations scattered over the following pages, it will be proved that the illegitimate *Pericles* occasionally adopts not merely the ideas of Sir Philip's heroes, but their very words and phraseology. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that our author designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*,* however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it must have been printed by means of a copy "far as Deucalion off" from the manuscript which had received Shakspeare's revival and improvement.

STEEVENS.

* Such a theatrical mistake will not appear improbable to the reader who recollects that in the fourth scene of the first act of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* instead of "tigers of *Hircania*,"—the players have given us—"tigers of *Arcadia*." Instead of "an *Até*," in *King John*,—"an *acc.*" Instead of "*Pantbino*," in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,—"Pantbion." Instead of "*Polydore*," in *Cymbeline*,—"Paladour" was continued through all the editions till that of 1773.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*
 Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*
 Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*
 Escanus, }
 Simonides, *king of Pentapolis.**
 Cleon, *governor of Tharsus.*
 Lyfimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*
 Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*
 Thaliard, *a lord of Antioch.*
 Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*
 Leonine, *servant to Dionyza. Marshall.*
A Pandar, and his wife. Boulton, their servant.
 Gower, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus. Dionyza, wife to Cleon.
Thaïsa, daughter to Simonides.
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaïsa.
Lychorida, nurse to Marina. Diana.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various countries.*

* This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it.

It should not, however, be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberius, B. V.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capitol of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia. STEEVENS.

“PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm” is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to. 1612.

MALONE.

P E R I C L E S,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

A C T I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.

To sing a song of old was sung,²
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;³
And lords and ladies of their lives⁴
Have read it for restoratives :
'Purpose to make men glorious ;⁵
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.

If.

² I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read:

To sing a song of old was sung,——

e. that of old, &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change.

MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, which was evidently wanted.

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—*holy days*. Gower's speeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout. MALONE.

⁴ The old copies read—in their lives. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

⁵ Old copy——

The purchase is to make men glorious ; &c. STEEVENS.

If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,

And

There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The old copies read—*The purchase, &c.* Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation.

MALONE.

Being now convinced that all the irregular lines detected in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Pericles*, have been prolonged by interpolations which afford no additional beauties, I am become more confident in my attempt to amend the passage before us. Throughout this play it should seem to be a very frequent practice of the reciter, or transcriber, to supply words which, for some foolish reason or other, were supposed to be wanting. Unskill'd in the language of poetry, and more especially in that which was clouded by an affectation of antiquity, these ignorant people regarded many contractions and ellipses, as indications of somewhat accidentally omitted; and while they inserted only monosyllables or unimportant words in imaginary vacancies, they conceived themselves to be doing little mischief. Liberties of this kind must have been taken with the piece under consideration. The measure of it is too regular and harmonious in many places, for us to think it was utterly neglected in the rest. As this play will never be received as the entire composition of Shakspeare, and as violent disorders require medicines of proportionable violence, I have been by no means scrupulous in striving to reduce the metre to that exactness which I suppose it originally to have possessed. Of the same license I should not have availed myself had I been employed on any of the undisputed dramas of our author. Those experiments which we are forbidden to perform on living subjects, may properly be attempted on dead ones, among which our *Pericles* may be reckoned; being dead, in its present form to all purposes of the stage, and of no very promising life in the closet.

The purpose is to make men glorious,

Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius.] As I suppose these lines with their context, to have originally stood as follows, I have so given them:

And lords and ladies, of their lives

Have read it as restoratives:

**Purpose to make men glorious;*

Et quo antiquius, eo melius.

This innovation may seem to introduce obscurity; but in huddling words on each other, without their necessary articles and prepositions, the chief skill of our present imitator of antiquated rhyme appears to have consisted.

Again, old copy:

“This Antioch then, Antiochus the great

“Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat.”

I suppose the original lines were these, and as such have printed them:

“This city then, Antioch the great

“Built up for his chiefest seat.”

Another

And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This city then, Antioch the great
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say :⁶)
 This king unto him took a pheere,⁷
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,⁸
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account⁹ no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame,
 Made many princes thither frame,²

To

Another redundant line offers itself in the same chorus:

“Bad *child*, *worse* father! to entice his own—”

which I also give as I conceive it to have originally stood, thus:

“Bad father! to entice his own——.”

The words omitted are of little consequence, and the artificial comparison between the guilt of the parent and the child, has no resemblance to the simplicity of Gower's narratives. The lady's frailty is sufficiently stigmatized in the ensuing lines. STEEVENS.

⁶ This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales.—These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

⁷ This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer*. For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. MALONE.

⁹ *Account* for *accounted*. STEEVENS.

² i. e. *shape* or *direct* their course thither. MALONE.

To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,³)
 That whoſo ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, loſt his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.⁴
 What now enfues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cauſe who beſt can juſtify.⁵ [Exit.

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,⁶ you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the taſk you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a ſoul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praiſe,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Muſick.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,⁷

For

³ The meaning, I think, is, not to keep her and men in awe, but, to keep her ſtill to himſelf, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone has properly interpreted this paſſage. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is an indication to me of the uſe of ſcenery in our ancient theatres. I ſuppoſe the audience were here entertained with the view of a kind of Temple-bar at Antioch. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) beſt can juſtify, i. e. prove its reſemblance to the ordinary courſe of nature. STEEVENS.

⁶ It does not appear in the preſent drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to underſtand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is king of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's tranſlation from the French, has the ſame title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, ſeems to have followed Gower.

MALONE.

In Twine's tranſlation he is repeatedly called "*Prince of Tyrus*."

STEEVENS.

⁷ All the copïes read :

Muſick,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception,⁸ (till Lucina reign'd,)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate house of planets all did fit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!⁹
 Her face, the book of praises,² where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath

Could

Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride,——.

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer.

MALONE.

⁸ It appears to me, that by her *conception*, Shakspeare means her *birth*; and that *till* is here used in the sense of *while*.

The meaning of the passage, according to my apprehension, is this:—
 “At whose birth, during the time of her mother's labour, over which Lucina was supposed to preside, the planets all sat in counsel in order to endow her with the rarest perfections.” And this agrees with the principles of judicial astrology, a folly prevalent in Shakspeare's time; according to which the beauty, the disposition, as well as the fortune of all human beings, was supposed to depend upon the aspect of the stars at the time they were born, not at the time in which they were conceived.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the error lies in the word *conception*, and instead of it we ought to read *concession*. The meaning will then be obvious, and especially if we adopt Mr. M. Mason's sense of the preposition *till*.

This change of a word allows the sense for which Mr. M. Mason contends, and without his strange supposal, that by her *conception*, was meant her *birth*. STEEVENS.

⁹ I cannot help suspecting some deep corruption in the words of Pericles. With what propriety can a lady's *thoughts* be styled—the king of every virtue, &c.? Let the reader exert his sagacity on this occasion.

STEEVENS.

² In what sense a lady's face can be styled a *book of praises* (unless by a very forced construction it be understood to mean an aggregate of what is praise-worthy) I profess my inability to understand. STEEVENS.

Could never be her mild companion.³
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,⁴
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard;
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 A countless glory,⁵ which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye

Prefumes

³ This is a bold expression:—*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means, the *companion of her mildness*. M. MASON.

⁴ In the enumeration of the persons prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise.—Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us:

“For valour, is not love a Hercules,

“Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?”

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of “*Hesperia*, the princess' gentlewoman.” MALONE.

⁵ The *countless* glory of a face, seems a harsh expression; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in p. 523. MALONE.

Old copy—*Her* countless, &c. I read—“*A* countless glory,—:” i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted. In the first book of the *Corinthians*, ch. xv: “—there is another *glory* of the stars.” STEEVENS.

Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.²
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net,³ whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must:⁴
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,⁵

Gripe

² i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine eye. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

MALONE.

³ Thus the old copies, and rightly. Mr. Malone would read—*From going, &c.* but *for going* means the same as *for fear of going*. It were easy to subjoin a crowd of instances in support of this original reading.

STEEVENS.

I would read—in death's net. PERCY.

⁴ That is, — to prepare this body for that state to which I must come.

MALONE.

⁵ The meaning may be—I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity. MALONE.

Malone has justly explained the meaning of this passage, but he has not shewn how the words, as they stand, will bear that meaning: Some amendment appears to me to be absolutely necessary, and that which I should propose is to read,

Who now in the world see heaven, &c.

That is, who at one time of their lives find heaven in the pleasures of the world, but after having tasted of misfortune, begin to be weaned from the joys of it. Were we to make a further alteration, and read—*seek heaven*, instead of—*see heaven*, the expression would be stronger; but that is not necessary. M. MASON.

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
 Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then ;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !⁶

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor

⁶ Old copy :—

Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous !

Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness !

'Said is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted.

PERCY.

She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before ; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that. The passage is evidently corrupt, and should probably be corrected by reading the lines thus :

In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

Her father had just said to Pericles, that his life depended on his expounding the riddle ; and the daughter, who feels a regard for the Prince, expresses it by deprecating his fate, and wishing him success in every thing except that. She wishes that he may not expound the riddle, but that his failing to do so may be attended with prosperous consequences. When we consider how licentious Shakspeare frequently is in the use of his particles, it may not perhaps be thought necessary to change the word *of*, in the beginning of these lines, for the word *in*. There is no great difference in the traces of the letters between *said* and *save* ; and the words *that* and *yet* have one common abbreviation, viz. *y'*. M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's conjecture in the text, as it gives a more reasonable turn to the speech than has hitherto been supplied ; and because it is natural to wish that the only words assigned to this lady, might have some apt and determinate meaning. STEEVENS.

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last:⁷ but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their fights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,⁸
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,⁹

For

⁷ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. PERCY.

⁸ i. e. to produce for man, &c. MALONE.

⁹ This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. STEEVENS.

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed. M. MASON.

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust² in other's eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills³ towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression ;⁴ and the poor worm doth die for't.⁵
Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
'Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head!⁶ he has found the
meaning;—

But

² That is, *which* blows dust, &c. MALONE.

³ i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain* hats. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *the earth is wrong'd*

By man's oppression ;] Old copies—*throng'd*. For this change I am answerable. STEEVENS.

⁵ I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

⁶ The speaker may either mean to say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity !* or, *O, that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body !* The latter, I believe, is the meaning. MALONE.

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
 Though, by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,⁷
 We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you ;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his daughter, and Attend.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
 To

⁷ Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one ; not interpreting it rightly, MALONZ.

To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner:
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
 Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
 Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.⁸

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Messenger.*

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark

His

⁸ Old copy——

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

This passage is little better than nonsense, as it stands, and evidently requires amendment. — The words are addressed, not to the Messenger, but to Thaliard, who has told the King that he may consider Pericles as already dead; to which the King replies,

Enough;

Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

That is, "Say no more of it, lest your breath, in describing your alacrity, should cool your ardour." The words *let* and *lest* might easily have been confounded. M. MASON.

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness. [Exit.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?⁹
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,²

Grows

⁹ *Thought* was formerly used in the sense of melancholy. MALONE.

The folio 1664, reads *change*.

In what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed*? I would read
“——*charge* of thoughts,” i. e. weight of them, burthen, pressure of
thought. The first copy reads *chāge*. STEEVENS.

Change of thoughts, it seems was the old reading, which I think preferable to the amendment. By *change of thoughts* Pericles means, that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine, and his soul to languish. There appears, however, to be an error in the passage; we should leave out the word *should*, which injures both the sense and the metre, and read:

Let none disturb us: why this change of thoughts? M. MASON.

² But fear of what might happen. MALONE.

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.³
 And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,⁴
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
 Makes⁵ both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
 They do abuse the king, that flatter him ;

For

³ And *makes provision* that it may not be done. MALONE.

⁴ Old copies—

And with the stent of war will look so huge. STEEVENS.

Should not this be,

And with th'ostent of war, &c.? TYRWHITT.

The emendation made by Mr. Tyrwhitt is confirmed by a passage in
The Merchant of Venice :

“ Like one well studied in a sad ostent,

“ To please his grandam.” MALONE.

⁵ Old copy—

Which care of them, not pity of myself,

(Who once no more but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)

Makes, &c.

I would read—*Who am no more, &c.* FARMER.

Pericles means to compare the head of a kingdom to the upper branches
 of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen the roots they grow
 by, so it is the duty of the former to protect his subjects, who are no less
 the supporters of his dignity. STEEVENS.

For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that breath⁹ gives heat and stronger glowing ;
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
 Hast mov'd us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
 whence
 They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
 To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;
 Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise ;
 Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
 I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid,
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !²

Fit

⁹ i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *spark* ; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

This passage seems to be corrupt, as it stands, and the sense requires that we should read,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing.

Steevens agrees with me in the necessity of some amendment, but proposes to read *wind*, which I think not so proper a word as *blast*.

M. MASON.

² Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults !—To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*.

MALONE.

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
 What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
 Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
 Who minister'st a potion unto me,
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
 Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
 Where,³ as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 From whence an issue⁴ I might propagate,
 Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:⁵ but thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,

Who

I am not clear but that *let* is here used in its ordinary sense. "Forbid it, heaven (says Pericles) that kings should suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated!" HOLT WHITE.

³ Malone observes that *whereas* is frequently used by the old dramatick writers, instead of *where*, and he is certainly right; but the observation is not to the purpose on the present occasion; for the word *whereas* does not really occur in this passage, which should be printed and pointed thus:

— I went to Antioch,
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

Where is more frequently used for *whereas*, but not in this place.

M. MASON.

⁴ The meaning of this passage is clearly this: "From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to princes, and joy to their subjects." The expression is certainly faulty; but it seems to be the fault of the author, not the printer. I believe it was written as it stands. M. MASON.

⁵ To *smooth* formerly signified to flatter. MALONE.

To *smooth* in this place means to stroke. They say in some counties *smooth*—instead of *stroke*, the cat. HOLT WHITE.

Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years : ⁶
 And should he doubt ⁷ it, (as no doubt he doth,)
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence :
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel.

Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them. ⁸

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
 speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or

⁶ Old copy—*the* years. Their suspicions outgrow their years ; a circumstance sufficiently natural to veteran tyrants. The correction is mine.

STEEVENS.

⁷ The quarto 1609, reads——*And should be doo't, &c.*

This is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read—*doubt on't—or,—doubt it.* To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to “lop that doubt,” i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself.

STEEVENS.

⁸ That is to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads—to *grieve* for *them*.——But a rhyme seems to have been intended. MALONE.

Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it,

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,⁹

Thou shoud'st a subject's shine,² I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must
I kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd
at

⁹ Overcome. MALONE.

² *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive.

MALONE.

That the word *shine* may be used as a substantive, cannot be doubted whilst we have *sunshine* and *moonshine*. If the present reading of this passage be adopted, the word *shine* must necessarily be taken in that sense ; but what the shine of a subject is, it would be difficult to define. The difficulty is avoided by leaving out a single letter, and reading

Thou show'st a subject shine, I a true prince.

In this case the word *shine* becomes a verb, and the meaning will be :—

“ No time shall be able to disprove this truth, that you have shewn a subject in a glorious light, and I a true prince. M. MASON.

I can neither controvert nor support Mr. M. Mason's position, because I cannot ascertain, if *shine* be considered as a verb, how the meaning he contends for is deduced from the words before us. STEEVENS.

at home : 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.³ Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure,
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How ! the king gone !

[*Aside.*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch ?

[*Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him ; at least he judg'd so :
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself ;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

[*Aside.*

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,⁴
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—

But

³ Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pil'*, 1604, p. 27 : "I will therefore commend the poet *Philipides*, who being demaunded by King *Lisimachus*, what favour hee might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the King ; that your maiestie would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*."

STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. must *do their pleasure* ; must treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended. We might read in the next line,

"He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas;" MARBON.

Perhaps

But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre?

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;

But, since my landing, as I have understood

Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tharfus. *A Room in the Governour's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
'They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio.

Perhaps we should read:

“ But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,

“ He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.” PERCY.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For⁵ riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted⁶ and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
'Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
'These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
'They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
'Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,⁷

Must

⁵ For, in the present instance, I believe, means—with respect to, with regard to riches. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. MALONE.

I should propose to read *richness*, instead of *riches*, which renders the passage not only correct, but much more poetical.

Malone must also prove that he uses *riches* to express a person, or it will not agree with the word *herself*, or answer in this place. This last line should be in a parenthesis. M. MASON.

⁶ To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. STEEVENS.

⁷ The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not yet two *savers* younger. The words [not us'd to hunger's *savour*] which I have inserted in my text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

“All viands that I eat, do seem unfavoury.”

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

The old reading is evidently erroneous, but the change of a single word, the

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nourse⁸ up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor;
 And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,

Taking

the reading of *summers*, instead of *savers*, gives us what certainly the author wrote:

Those palates who not yet two summers younger, &c.

That is, "Those palates, who less than two years ago, required some new inventions of cookery to delight their taste, would now be glad of plain bread." M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's emendation in the text. In *Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of *summers*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ I would read—*nursle*. A fondling is still called a *nursling*. To *nourse*, or, as it is now written, *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. STEEVENS.

Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear ?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;²
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon br'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets :
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,³
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise ;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,

And

² If he stands on peace. A Latin sense. MALONE.

³ i. e. to make bread for your needy subjects. PERCY.

And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,⁴
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word,⁵
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation⁶
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where⁷ each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:⁸

And,

⁴ May these persons be cursed who shall pay you with unthankfulness, even in thought, though they should be our dearest friends, or even ourselves. M. MASON.

⁵ i. e. you have seen a better prince, &c. prove awful, &c. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third. STEEVENS.

⁶ The good in conversation—] Conversation is conduct, behaviour. So, in the Second Epistle of St. Peter, iii. 11: "— to be in all holy conversation and godliness." STEEVENS.

⁷ This passage is confusedly expressed. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "As true as the gospel," is still common language. MALONE.

Writ

And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours ; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him ;⁹
And that in Tharfus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest :
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;²

And

Writ may certainly mean *scripture* ; the holy writings, by way of eminence, being so denominated. We might, however, read—*wit*, i. e. wisdom. STEEVENS.

⁹ The first quarto reads,

And hid in Tent to murder him.

This is only mentioned, to shew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding passage. MALONE.

² *Skip* and *split* are such defective rhymes, that I suppose our author wrote *flect*. Pericles, in the storm, lost his *fleet* as well as the vessel in which he was himself embarked. STEEVENS.

And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost :
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen³ but himself ;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :⁴
 And here he comes : what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.⁵

[Exit.

S C E N E I.

Pentapolis. *An open place, by the sea side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,

To

³ Old copy—escapen'd—] It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped*.

Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language ; e. g. in the present tense,

I escape	We escapen
Thou escapest	Ye escapen
He escapeth	They escapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus : They *did*den [for *did*] escape. PERCY.

* Dr. Percy asks if we should not read—to *make* him glad. Perhaps we should : but the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of our Pseudo-Rowley, is so often irreconcilable to the practice of any age, that criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown away. STEEVENS.

⁵ The meaning of this may be—*Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows.* The very text to it has proved of too considerable a length already.

STEEVENS.

To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your watry grave,
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2. *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3. *Fish.* What say you, master?

1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.⁶

3. *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3. *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus,⁷ how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.*

⁶ A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays.

STEEVENS.

⁷ The rising of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors, as the fore-runner of a storm. MALONE.

Malone considers this prognostick as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors: but Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the south seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. M. MASON.

3. *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.⁸

2. *Fish.* Why, man?

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.⁹

Per.

⁸ That is, I should wish to have been that day in the belfry.

M. MASON.

⁹ The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

“*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;”

“*The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.*”

“2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch* it out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.”

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsequent:

“*May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast.”

The folio reads:

“*Y* may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast.”

I would rather suppose the poet wrote:

“*Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast——.”

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on:

“A man,” &c. STEEVENS.

May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero?—“If you like the day, find it out in the almanack, and nobody will take it from you.” FARMER.

The

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;³ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per.

The allusion is to the lucky and unlucky days which are put down in some of the old calendars. DOUCE.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wish'd the men a good day. MALONE.

3 In the old copy this passage is strangely corrupted. It reads.—flesh for all days, fish for fasting days, and more, or puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. M. Mason would read—flesh for ale-days: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though ales and church-ales was common. MALONE.

In some counties a flap-jack signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a pancake. But, whatever it was, mention is made of it in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "For when a man is ill, or

Per. I thank you, fir.

2. *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1. *Fish.* Hark you, fir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, fir; and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government:
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *Fish.* Marry, fir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.⁴

Re-enter

at the point of death, I would know whether a dish of buttered rice with a little cynamon, ginger, and sugar, a little minced meat, or roast beefe, a few stewed prunes, a race of greene ginger, a flap-jacke, &c. bee not better than a little poore John," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ The fisherman means, I think, to say,—"What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory."

FARMER.

It is difficult to extract any kind of sense from this passage, as it stands, and I don't see how it can be amended. Perhaps the meaning may be this:—"And what a man cannot accomplish, he may lawfully endeavour to obtain;" as for instance, his wife's affection.

With

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2. *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,⁵ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own,⁶ part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)*⁷ For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee. It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; 'Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again: I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1. *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman;

And

With respect to Farmer's explanation, I cannot conceive how a man can give what he cannot get: besides, if the words were capable of the meaning he supposes, they would not apply to any thing that had passed, or been said before; and this fisherman is a shrewd fellow, who is not supposed to speak nonsense. M. MASON.

⁵ The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration, was formerly used in the room of one less decent. MALONE.

See the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, in the old song of *The Miller of Mansfield*, Part II. line 65:

"Quoth Dick, a bots on you." PERCY.

⁶ i. e. And I thank you, though it was my own. MALONE.

⁷ The *brace* is the armour for the arm. STEEVENS.

And if that ever my low fortunes better,³
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1. *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2. *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,⁴
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bates.⁵

2. *Fish*.

³ Old copy:

And if that ever my low fortune's better,——.

We should read—"My low fortunes better." *Better* is in this place a verb, and *fortunes* the plural number. M. MASON.

⁴ *And spite of all the rupture of the sea,]* We might read (with Dr. Sewel)

—— spite of all the rapture of the sea,

That is,—notwithstanding that the sea hath ravish'd so much from me. But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We still talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any solution of continuity. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Bates* appear to have been a kind of loose breeches. Thus, in the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "About his middle he had, instead of *bates*, a long cloak of filke," &c.—Again, in the third Book: "His *bates* (which he ware so long, as they came almost to his ankle,) were embroidered onely with blacke worms, which seemed to crawle up and downe, as readie alreadie to devour him."——It is clear from these passages, that *bates* (as if derived from *Bas*, Fr. a stocking, as I formerly supposed,) cannot mean any kind of *defensive* covering for the legs.

In this concluding observation the late Captain Grose agreed with me; though at the same time he confessed his inability to determine, with any degree of precision, what *bates* were. STEEVENS.

Johnson

2. *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists.
A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King,
Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?⁶

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready;⁷ and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai.

Johnson tells us, in his Dictionary, that *bases* are part of any ornament that hangs down as housings, and quotes a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Phalantus was all in white, having his *bases* and caparisons embroidered:"—and to confirm this explanation it may be observed, that the [lower] valances of a bed are still called the *bases*. M. MASON.

Bases, signified the *houfings* of a horse, and may have been used in that sense here. MALONE.

⁶ A triumph, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any publick show, such as a *Mask* or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

"———hold those justs and triumphs?" STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.⁸

Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mibi.*⁹

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second knight passes.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*²
[The third knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*³

[The fourth knight passes.]

Sim.

⁸ Perhaps we should read—to prefer, i. e. advance. PERCY.

⁹ What we now call the motto, was sometimes termed the word or mot by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. These Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to shew that he was not the author of this play ; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature.

MALONE.

² That is, more by sweetness than by force. The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies more ; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

³ — *Me pompæ provexit apex.* All the old copies have—*Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we should amend these words as follows—*me pompæ provexit apex*,—or correct them thus—*me Pompei provexit apex*, I confess my ignorance. A wreath of chivalry, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions ; so that its particular claim to honour on the present one is not very clearly ascertained.—If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of

Sim. What is the fourth?⁴

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried :
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems a stranger : but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend :
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whiptock,⁵ than the lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim.

Pompey's helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates :

“ Et victis cedat *piratica laurea* Gallis.” STEEVENS.

Steevens is clearly right in reading *pompæ*, instead of *Pompey*, and the meaning of the knight in the choice of his device and motto seems to have been, to declare that he was not incited by love to enter the lists, but by the desire of glory, and the ambition of obtaining the wreath of victory which *Thaisa* was to bestow upon the conqueror. M. MASON.

⁴ i. e. What is the fourth device. MALONE.

⁵ i. e. the carter's whip. STEEVENS.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.⁶
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*
Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight,

S C E N E III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;

⁶ i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common. MALONE.

Why should we not read—

“ The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.”

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says : “ ——— the habyte maketh not the religious man.” STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads.

I don't think any amendment necessary ; but the passage should be pointed thus :

“ Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

“ The outward habit by, the inward man.”

That is, that makes us scan the inward man, by the outward habit.

M. MASON.

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unfavoury, wishing him my meat ?
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman ;
He has done no more than other knights have done ;
Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;

Whereby

⁷ The plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner ; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her ; regarding him (to borrow a phrase from Romeo) as *the dearest morsel of the earth*. STEEVENS.

⁸ This idea perhaps was caught from the *Revelations*, iv. 10 : " And the four and twenty elders fell down before him that sat on the throne, and cast their crowns before the throne." STEEVENS.

⁹ The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word :—
The

Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1. Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,³
(As you do love, fill to your mistresses' lips,⁴)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while :

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter ;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them : and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.⁵

There-

“ The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

“ And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire.” MALONE.

³ The quarto, 1609, reads—that's *stur'd* unto the brim. MALONE.
If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean, as Milton expresses it, that
the liquor

“ — dances in its chrystal bounds.”

But I rather think we should read—*stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So before
in this play :

“ Their tables were *stor'd* full.” STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. let the quantity of wine you swallow, be proportioned to the
love you bear your mistress: in plainer English—*If you love kissing, drink a
bumper.* The construction is—As you love your mistresses' lips, so fill to
them. STEEVENS.

Read—*fill to your mistresses.* FARMER.

⁵ i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after
making so great a noise. PERCY.

The sense appears to be this.—When kings, like insects, lie dead
before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both
instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either
object

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.⁶

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim.

object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it:—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.

I cannot, however, help thinking that this passage is both corrupted and disarranged, having been originally designed for one of those rhyming couplets with which the play abounds:

“And princes, not doing so, are like the gnat,

“Which makes a sound, but kill'd is wonder'd at.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ A standing-bowl was a bowl resting on a foot. STEEVENS.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a foldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh³ for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.⁴

Come, fir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, fir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For

³ i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

MALONE.

⁴ i. e. the excellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it was obtained. STEEVENS.

For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.^s

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you
 love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And

^s To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue.

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,⁶
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure:⁷

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.⁸
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.⁹

1. *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour² it.

Hel.

⁶ *Resolv'd* is satisfied, freed from doubt. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. the most probable in our opinion. STEEVENS.

⁸ The expression is figurative, and by the words—*I leap into the seas*, &c. I believe the speaker only means—*I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour.* STEEVENS.

⁹ As these are the concluding lines of a speech, perhaps they were meant to rhyme. We might therefore read:

————— and win unto renown,

i. e. if you prevail on him to quit his present obscure retreat, and be reconciled to glory, you shall be acknowledged as the brightest ornaments of his throne. STEEVENS.

² Endeavour what? I suppose, to find out Pericles. I have therefore added the syllable which appeared wanting both to metre and sense.

STEEVENS.

The

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter;*³ *the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,⁴

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So

Thy're

The author might have intended an abrupt sentence. MALONE.

I would readily concur with the opinion of Mr. Malone, had passion,
instead of calm resolution, dictated the words of the speaker.

STEEVENS.

³ In *The Historie of King Appolyn of Thyre*, "two kynges sones" pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates*, (the Simonides of the present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter (in answer,) of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man "which hath passed the daungerous undes and perylles of the sea—all ocher to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced three suitors instead of two, in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

⁴ It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

'They're well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter :
 She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine ;
 I like that well :— nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no !
 Well, I commend her choice ;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes :—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet musick this last night : my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
 My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

Sim. ~~My daughter, sir, thinks~~ very well of you ;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

[*Aside.*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
 A villain.

Per.

Per. By the gods, I have not, fir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, fir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, fir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.)

[*Aside.*]

Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, fir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, fir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.⁵

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;⁶
No din but snores, the house about,

Made

⁵ Even as my life loves my blood that supports it. MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone's explanation of this line:—To make a person of life, and to say it loves the blood that fosters it, is an idea to which I cannot reconcile myself.

Pericles means merely to say, that he loves Thaisa as his life, or as the blood that supports it; and it is in this sense that the editors of the quarto of 1619, and the subsequent copies, conceived the passage.—But the insertion of the word *or* was not necessary; it was sufficient to point it thus:

Even as my life;—the blood that fosters it. M. MALONE.

Will a preceding line (see p. 553) befriend the opinion of either commentator?

“Wishing it so much *blood* unto your *life*.”

In my opinion, however, the sense in the text was meant to coincide with that which is so much better expressed in *Julius Caesar*:

“As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

“That visit my sad heart.” STEEVENS.

⁶ As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might have written:

Now sleep yslaked hath the rouse;

i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a company in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play:

“Upon

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast?
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.⁸ Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,⁹
 Of Pericles the careful search

By

“ Upon a tyme with a route

“ This lord to play goeth hym out.” MALONE.

⁷ So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:

“ Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis

“ Extructus, toto proflabat pectore somnum.” STEEVENS.

⁸ The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

⁹ Dearn is direful, dismal. See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere*. The word is used by Spenser. The construction is somewhat involved. The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence, &c. MALONE.

Dearn

By the four opposing coignes,²
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest.³ At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,⁴)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He obedient to their doom,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child, makes her desire

(Which

Dearn signifies *lonely, solitary*. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

² By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world.

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed.—To seek a man in every *corner of the globe*, is still common language.

All the ancient copies read:

By the four oppoſing crignes,

but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

³ i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search. STEEVENS.

⁴ The old copy reads—the most *ſtrange* inquire; but it surely was not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—the most *ſtrong* inquire;—this earnest, anxious inquiry. MALONE.

(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe:)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood⁵
 Varies again: the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near!⁶
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate;⁷ action may
 Conveniently the rest convey:
 Which might not what by me is told.⁸
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-toft⁹ prince² appears to speak.

[Exit.

⁵ The old copy reads—but fortune *mov'd*. MALONE.

Mov'd could never be designed as a rhyme to *flood*. I suppose we should read - but fortune's *mood*, i. e. disposition. STEEVENS.

⁶ This exclamation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still used in Yorkshire, where I have often heard it. The glossary to the *Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697, says,—*wellaneerin* is *lack-a-day*, or *alas, alas!*

REED.

⁷ The *further* consequences of this storm I shall not describe.

MALONE.

⁸ i. e. which might not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related.

MALONE.

⁹ It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author. The old copy has—*seas toft*. Mr. Rowe made the correction.

MALONE.

³ *The sea-toft prince*—] The old copy reads—the sea-toft *Pericles*.
The

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Thy sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit,⁴ would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may

Vic

The transcriber perhaps mistook the abbreviation of *Prince*, for that of *Pericles*, a trisyllable which our present metre refuses to admit.

STEEVENS.

⁴ If it had *thought*. MALONE.

Vie^s honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good fir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!⁶
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd⁷ to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,⁸
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb:⁹ even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,²

With

⁵ Old copy—*Use* honour, &c.

I suspect the author wrote—*Vie* honour, a phrase much in use among Shakspeare and his contemporaries. Mr. M. Mason has offered the same conjecture. I read, however, for the sake of measure,—*yourselves*.

STEEVENS.

The meaning is evidently this: "We poor mortals recal not what we give, and therefore in that respect we may contend with you in honour." I have therefore no doubt but we ought to read,

And therein may

Vie honour with, &c.

The trace of the letters in the words *vie* and *use* is nearly the same, especially if we suppose that the *v* was used instead of the *u* vowel; which is frequently the case in the old editions. M. MASON.

⁶ *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions of mind. MALONE.

⁷ Old copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am answerable.

MALONE.

⁸ i. e. as noisy a one. STEEVENS.

⁹ The old copy reads:

To harold thee from the womb:—

For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. This word is in many ancient books written *barold*, and *barauld*. See also Cowel's *Interpreter*, in *v. Herald*, *Heralt*, or *Harold*; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt. MALONE.

² i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

Portage is used in *King Henry V.* where it signifies an open space:

"Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head."

Portage is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail.

MALONE.

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1. *Sail.* What courage, fir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;⁴
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there;⁵ thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thyself.

2. *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kifs
the moon, I care not.

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd
of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, fir; with us at sea it still hath been
observed; and we are strong in earnest.⁶ Therefore briefly
yield her; for she must overboard straight.⁷

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, fir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And

⁴ i. e. the blast. MALONE.

⁵ *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high.

They who wish for more particular information concerning *bolings*, may find it in *Smith's Sea-Grammar*, 4to. 1627, p. 23. STEEVENS.

⁶ Old copy—strong in *eastern*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. MALONE.

I read, with Mr. M. Mason, (transposing only the letters of the original word,)—strong in *earnest*. STEEVENS.

⁷ These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

And aye-remaining lamps,⁸ the belching whale.
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the sattin coffer:⁹ lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.

2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd
 and bitumed ready.

Per.

⁸ Old copies—The air-remaining lamps,—. STEEVENS.

Air-remaining, if it be right, must mean *air-bung*, suspended for ever
 in the air. In *King Richard II.* *right-drawn* sword is used for a sword
 drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn* dagger.
 Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye-remaining*. MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be
 increased, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on
 the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old mo-
 numents and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps
 were supposed to be lighted up. Thus, Pope, in his *Eloisa*:

“ Ah hopeless, *lasting* flames, like those that burn
 “ To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!”

I would however read:

And *aye-remaining* lamps, &c.

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn
 near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass
 of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

⁹ The old copies have—*coffin*. It seems somewhat extraordinary that
 Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think,
 to read, as I have printed,—*coffer*. MALONE.

Sattin coffer is most probably the true reading. So, in a subsequent
 scene:

“ Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
 “ Lay with you in your *coffer*.”

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such costly
 materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged to
 Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with rose-
 coloured *sattin*, most elaborately quilted.

By the *sattin coffer*, however, may be only meant the coffer employed
 to contain *sattins* and other rich materials for dress. Thus we name a
tea-chest, &c. from their contents.

Pericles, however, does not mean to bury his queen in this *sattin coffer*,
 but to take from thence the *cloth of state* in which it seems she was after-
 wards *shrouded*. It appears likewise that her body was found in the chest
caulk'd and *bitum'd* by the sailors. STEEVENS.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast this is?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.² When can'st thou reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;

I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON,³ a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;

It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,⁴

And

² Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

MALONE.

³ In Twine's translation he is called—a *Physician*. Our author has made a Lord of him. STEEVENS.

⁴ The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. MALONE.

Perhaps this circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. For the poor men who have just left the stage, kitchen physick only was designed.

And tell me how it works.

[To PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;

The very principals⁵ did seem to rend,
And all to topple: pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.⁶

Cer. O, you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you,⁷ should at these early hours

Shake

⁵ The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*,) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

“ Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.” MALONE,
I believe this only means, and every thing to tumble down.

M. MASON.

⁶ *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. MALONE.

⁷ Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them to say—*such towers* about you; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather.
They

Shake of the golden slumber of repose.
 It is most strange,
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning⁸ were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physick, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice,) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.⁹

2. Gent.

They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Cunning* means here *knowledge*. MALONE.

So, in *Jeremiah*, ix. 17: "Send for *cunning* women that they may come." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Sirrah, go hire me twenty *cunning* cooks." STEEVENS.

⁹ The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*:

"—merely thou art *death's fool*," &c. MALONE.

Mr. Malone (as I had been) is on this occasion misled by a positive and hitherto uncontradicted assertion of Dr. Warburton. But I now think myself authorised to declare, on the strength of long and repeated enquiries, urged by numerous friends as well as myself, that no *Morality* in which *Death* and the *Fool* were agents, ever existed among the early French, English, or Italian stage-representations.

I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process.

The

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your

The following intelligence on the same subject, though it applies more immediately to the allusion in *Measure for Measure*, and has occurred too late to stand in its proper place, may here, without any glaring impropriety, be introduced:

“ — Merely, thou art *death's fool*;
“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
“ And yet run'st towards him still.”

It was in a comment on these lines that Dr. Warburton's *gratis dictum* concerning the *Fool* and *Death*, made its first appearance.

The subsequent *notitiæ* are derived from two different gentlemen, whose reports reflect a light on each other.

Mr. Douce, to whom our readers are indebted for several happy illustrations of Shakspeare, assures me, that some years ago, at a fair in a large market town, he observed a solitary figure sitting in a booth, and apparently exhausted with fatigue. This personage was habited in a close black vest, painted over with bones, in imitation of a skeleton. But my informant being then very young, and wholly uninitiated in theatrical antiquities, made no enquiry concerning so whimsical a phænomenon. Indeed, but for what follows, I might have been induced to suppose that the object he saw, was nothing more or less than the hero of a well known pantomime, entitled *Harlequin Skeleton*.

This circumstance, however, having accidentally reached the ears of a venerable clergyman who is now more than eighty years of age, he told me that he very well remembered to have met with such another figure, above fifty years ago, at Salisbury. Being there during the time of some publick meeting, he happened to call on a surgeon at the very instant when the representative of *Death* was brought in to be let blood on account of a tumble he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a *Merry Andrew*, who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. The same gentleman's curiosity a few days afterwards, prevailed on him to be a spectator of the dance in which our emblem of mortality was a performer. This dance, he says, entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprize the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his *finale* being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

What Dr. Warburton therefore has asserted of the drama, is only known to be true of the dance; and the subject under consideration was certainly more adapted to the latter than the former, agility and grimace, rather than dialogue, being necessary to its exhibition. They who seek after the last lingering remains of ancient modes of amusement, will rather trace them with success in the country, than in the neighbourhood of
London,

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
 And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
 Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
 'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
 It is a good constraint of fortune, that
 It belches upon us.

2. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer.

London, from whence even *Punch*, the legitimate and undoubted successor of the old *Vice*, is almost banished.

It should seem, that the general idea of this serio-comick *pas-d-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of *Machabre*, commonly called *The Dance of Death*, a grotesque ornament of cloisters, both here and in foreign parts. The aforesaid combination of figures, though erroneously ascribed to Hans Holbein, was certainly of an origin more remote than the times in which that eminent painter is known to have flourished.

STEEVENS.

Although the subject before us was certainly borrowed from the ancient *Dance of Macaber*, which I conceive to have been acted in churches, (but in a perfectly serious and moral way,) it receives a completer illustration from an old initial letter belonging to a set of them in my possession, on which is a dance of Death, infinitely more beautiful in point of design than even the celebrated one cut in wood and likewise ascribed to the graver of Holbein. In this letter, the *Fool* is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffetting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles, an instrument yet in fashion among Merry Andrews. It is almost unnecessary to add that these initials are of foreign workmanship; and the inference is, that such farces were common upon the continent, and are here alluded to by the artist. I should not omit to mention, that the letter in question has been rudely copied in an edition of *Stowe's Survey of London*. DOUCE.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!²—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tofs'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1. *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!³ [*Unfolds a scroll.*

[*Reads.*

*Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,⁴)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.⁵
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:⁶
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2. *Gent.*

² *Bottom'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before:

“Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and *bitum'd* ready.”

MALONE.

³ Cerimon, having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the patron of learning. MALONE.

⁴ This uncommon phrase is repeatedly used in Twine's translation: “Then give thanks unto God, who in my flight hath brought me *a-land* into your costes.” Again: “—— certaine pyratts which were come *a-land*. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——*mundane*——] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

⁶ The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings in his thoughts: “Go see now this cursed woman and bury her; for she's a king's daughter.”

2 Kings, ix. 36. MALONE.

2. *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.⁷
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block?—
The musick there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1. *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be!

[*She moves.*
Thai.

⁷ Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the physician in *King Lear*, when the king is about to awake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

“Please you draw near;—*Louder the musick there!*”

MALONE.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

S C E N E III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.⁸

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have blest mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you

To

⁸ All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,⁹
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd² shall this hair of mine remain,

Though

⁹ Old copies—teach me to it, a weak reading, if not apparently corrupt. For the insertion of its present substitute I am answerable. I once thought we should read—*witch* me to it, a phrase familiar enough to Shakspeare.

Mr. M. Mason is satisfied with the old reading; but thinks “the expression would be improved by leaving out the particle *to*, which hurts the sense, without improving the metre.” Then, says he, the line will run thus:

Your honour and your goodness teach me it,——. STEEVENS.

² Old copy:

Unfister'd shall this heir of mine, &c.

But a more obvious and certain instance of corruption perhaps is not discoverable throughout our whole play.

I read, as in the text; for so is the present circumstance recited in Act V. and in consequence of the oath expressed at the present moment:

“——— And now,
“ *This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,*
“ *Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;*
“ *And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,*
“ *To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.”*

Without the present emendation therefore, Pericles must appear to have behaved unaccountably: as the binding power of a romantick oath could alone have been the motive of his long persistence in so strange a neglect of his person.

The words—*unscissar'd* and *hair*, were easily mistaken for—*unfister'd* and *heir*; as the manuscript might have been indistinct, or the compositor inattentive.

I once

Though I show will in't.³ So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,⁴ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,

Lay

I once strove to explain the original line as follows:

Unfister'd shall this heir of mine remain,

Though I show will in't:

i. e. till she be married, I swear by Diana, (though I may show [will, i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such an oath) this heir of mine shall have none who can call her sister; i. e. I will not marry, and so have a chance of other children before she is disposed of.—Obstinacy was anciently called wilfulness.

But it is scarce possible that *unfister'd* should be the true reading; for if Pericles had taken another wife, after his daughter's marriage, could he have been sure of progeny to sister his first child? or what wilfulness would he have shown, had he continued a single man? To persist in wearing a squalid head of hair and beard, was indeed an obstinate peculiarity.

STEEVENS.

³ The meaning may be—"Though I appear wilfull and perverse by such conduct." We might read:

Though I show ill in't. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——— the guiled shore

"To a most dangerous sea." MALONE.

Lay with you in your coffer : which are now⁵
At your command. Know you the character?

Tha. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time;⁶ but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say : But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.⁷
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt.]

⁵ ——— *which are now* ———] For the insertion of the word *now*, I am accountable. MALONE.

⁶ The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. MALONE.

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ ——— for Falstaff he is dead,

“ And we must *yearn* therefore.”

To *yearn* is to feel internal uneasiness. The time of a woman's labour is still called, in low language—her *groaning* • me—her *crying out*.

Mr. Rowe would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they produce their young. STEEVENS.

Thaisa evidently means to say, that she was put on ship-board just at the time when she expected to be delivered ; and as the word *yearning* does not express that idea, I should suppose it to be wrong. The obvious amendment is to read,—*even at my yearning time* ; which differs from it but by a single letter :—Or perhaps we should read,—*yielding time*.

M. MASON.

⁷ Until you die. MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

579

A C T IV.

*Enter GOWER.*⁸

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd, to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
To Dian there a votarefs.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharfus, and by Cleon train'd
In mufick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.⁹ But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praife,² Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight;³ this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is faid

For

⁸ This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of acts and scenes (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

⁹ Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—"the *spire* and *top* of praife."

STEEVENS.

Place here signifies *residence*. In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New Place*.

MALONE.

² Praife that has been well deserved. MALONE.

³ *Even ripe for marriage fight;*] The first quarto reads:

Even right for marriage fight;—

The

For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be :
 Be't when she⁴ weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers, long, small, white⁵ as milk ;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan ;⁶ or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian ;⁷ still
 This Philoten contends in skill

With

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have—

Even ripe for marriage fight. —.

Sight was clearly misprinted for *fight*. MALONE.

I would read :

Even ripe for marriage rites. PERCY.

Read—*fight* ; i. e. the combats of Venus ; or *night*, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

* The old copies read :

Be it when they weav'd, &c.

But the context shews that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned :

“ Or when *she* would, &c.

“ ——— or when to the lute

“ *She* sung,” &c. MALONE.

Sleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *fley* or *flay*. PERCY.

⁵ *With fingers, long, small, white, &c.*] So, in Twine's translation :
 “ ——— beautified with a white hand, and fingers long and slender.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. “ A bird (I am informed) is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird fanciers at this day.” MALONE.

⁷ To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose* supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionysa.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian ; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print. We might read :

Wail to her mistress Dian.

i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida. MALONE.

With absolute Marina:⁸ so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white.⁹ Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,²
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant³ instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow.⁴ The unborn event
 I do commend to your content.⁵

Only

⁸ i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. MALONE.

⁹ Old copy :

_____so
*The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white.*

The sense requires a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

_____so
*With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white.* M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's judicious arrangement.

STEEVENS.

² *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. It is, however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation.

MALONE.

³ *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *prepared, instructed*. It is used in a kindred sense in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

Pregnant is ready. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee, — ”

MALONE.

⁴ *Prest* is ready ; *pret.* Fr. MALONE.

⁵ I am not sure that I understand this passage ; but so quaint and licentious is the phraseology of our Pseudo-Gower, that perhaps he means — I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.

Our author might indeed have written — *consent*, i. e. co-operation, your assistance in carrying on our present delusion. STEEVENS.

Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Tharfus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
 Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.⁷
 Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter

⁷ Old copy:

Here she comes weeping for her onely mistress's death.

As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only mistress*. I would therefore read,

Here comes she weeping for her old nurse's death. PERCY.

I have no doubt but we should adopt the ingenious amendment suggested by Percy, with this difference only, the leaving out the word *for*, which is unnecessary, and hurts the metre. I should therefore read,

Here she comes, weeping her old nurse's death. M. MASON.

I have adopted Dr. Percy's amendment, but without Mr. M. Mason's attempt to improve it. The word *for* is necessary to the metre, as *above* in the preceding line was a modern interpolation. STEEVENS.

I think *mistress* right. Here nurse was in one sense her mistress; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida. Her *only* (or her *old*) *mistress's death*, (not "*mistress's death*,") was the language of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green⁸ with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.⁹ Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,

Whirring

⁸ Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was substituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." *Weed* in old language meant garment. MALONE.

Before we determine which is the proper reading, let us reflect a moment on the business in which Marina is employed. She is about to strew the grave of her nurse Lychorida with flowers, and therefore makes her entry with propriety, saying,

No, no, I will rob Tellus, &c.

i. e. No, no, it shall never be said that I left the *tomb* of one to whom I owe so much, without some ornament. Rather than it shall remain undecorated, I will strip the earth of its robe, &c. The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as she came homeward, she went and washed the *tombe* of her nouryce, and kept it continually fayre and clene."

Though I do not recollect that the *green bilbeck* under which a person is buried, is any where called *their green*, my respect for Lord Charlemont's opinion has in the present instance withheld me from deserting the most ancient text, however dubious its authority. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,—*] The old copies read,—
Shall, as a carpet,—

Mr. Steevens would read—*Shall as a chaplet, &c.* The word *hang*, it must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers strew'd *on the green-sward*, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

Malone informs us that all the former copies read, *as a carpet*, which was probably the right reading: nor would Steevens have changed it for *chaplet* had he attended to the beginning of Marina's speech:

"I will rob Tellus of her weed,

"To strew thy grave with flowers;"

which corresponds with the old reading, not with his amendment.

M. MASON.

Perhaps Mr. M. Mason's remark also might have been spared, had he considered that no one ever talked of *hanging carpets* out in honour of the dead. STEEVENS.

Whirring² me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd³
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,⁴
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart.⁵ We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,⁶ thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses.⁷ Go, I pray you,

Walk,

² Thus the earliest copy; I think rightly. Subsequent impressions read —

Hurrying me from my friends.

Whirring or *whirring*, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away.

MALONE.

³ i. e. countenance, look. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

The words—*wreath of*—were formerly inserted in the text by Mr. Malone. Though he has since discarded, I have ventured to retain them. STEEVENS.

⁵ With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman.

MALONE.

⁶ Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal* to all that fame said of it. MALONE.

⁷ Either we should read—“*of* your best courses,” or the word *to* has in this place the force that *of* would have. M. MASON.

The plain meaning is—that we have paid no attention to what was best for you. STEEVENS.

Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve⁸
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck,⁹ and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas climber:² *Ha!* says one,

Wilt

⁸ To *reserve* is here, to *guard*; to *preserve* carefully. MALONE.

⁹ *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense.

MALONE.

² A ship-boy. MALONE.

A *canvas* climber is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*. STEEVENS.

Malone suspects that some line preceding these has been lost, but that I believe is not the case, this being merely a continuation of Marina's description of the storm which was interrupted by Leonine's asking her, *When was that?* and by her answer, *When I was born, never were waves nor wind more violent.*

Put this question and the answer in a parenthesis, and the description goes on without difficulty:

“ ———endur'd

Wilt out? and with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern:³ the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, lay your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You

“ ————endur'd a sea

“ That almost burst the deck,

“ And from the ladder tackle washes off,” &c.

M. MASON.

In consequence of Mr. M. Mason's remark, I have regulated the text anew, and with only the change of a single tense, (*wash'd* for *washes*), and the omission of the useless copulative *and*. The question of Leonine, and the reply of Marina, which were introduced after the words,

“ That almost burst the deck,”

are just as proper in their present as in their former situation ; but do not, as now arranged, interrupt the narrative of Marina. STEEVENS.

³ The old copies read—From *stern* to *stern*. But we certainly ought to read—From *stem* to *stern*. MALONE.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1. *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.

2. *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3. *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving⁴ thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

Not

4 Old copy—*roguing*.] The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. MALONE.

In Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589, the curious reader may find a very particular account of this *Valdes*, who was commander of the Andalusian troops, and then prisoner in England. STEEVENS.

We should probably read—These *roving* thieves.—The idea of *roguery* is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*. M. MASON.

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.⁵

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.⁶ But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience.⁷ The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't.

⁵ The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half.—This speech is much the same as that of *Mother Cole*, in *The Minor*: “Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr Loader?” STEEVENS.

⁶ I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the Bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boul't) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation. STEEVENS.

⁷ The old copies read—*there's two* unwholesome o' conscience. The preceding dialogue shows that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pander merely alludes to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

MALONE.

And

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

Pan. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

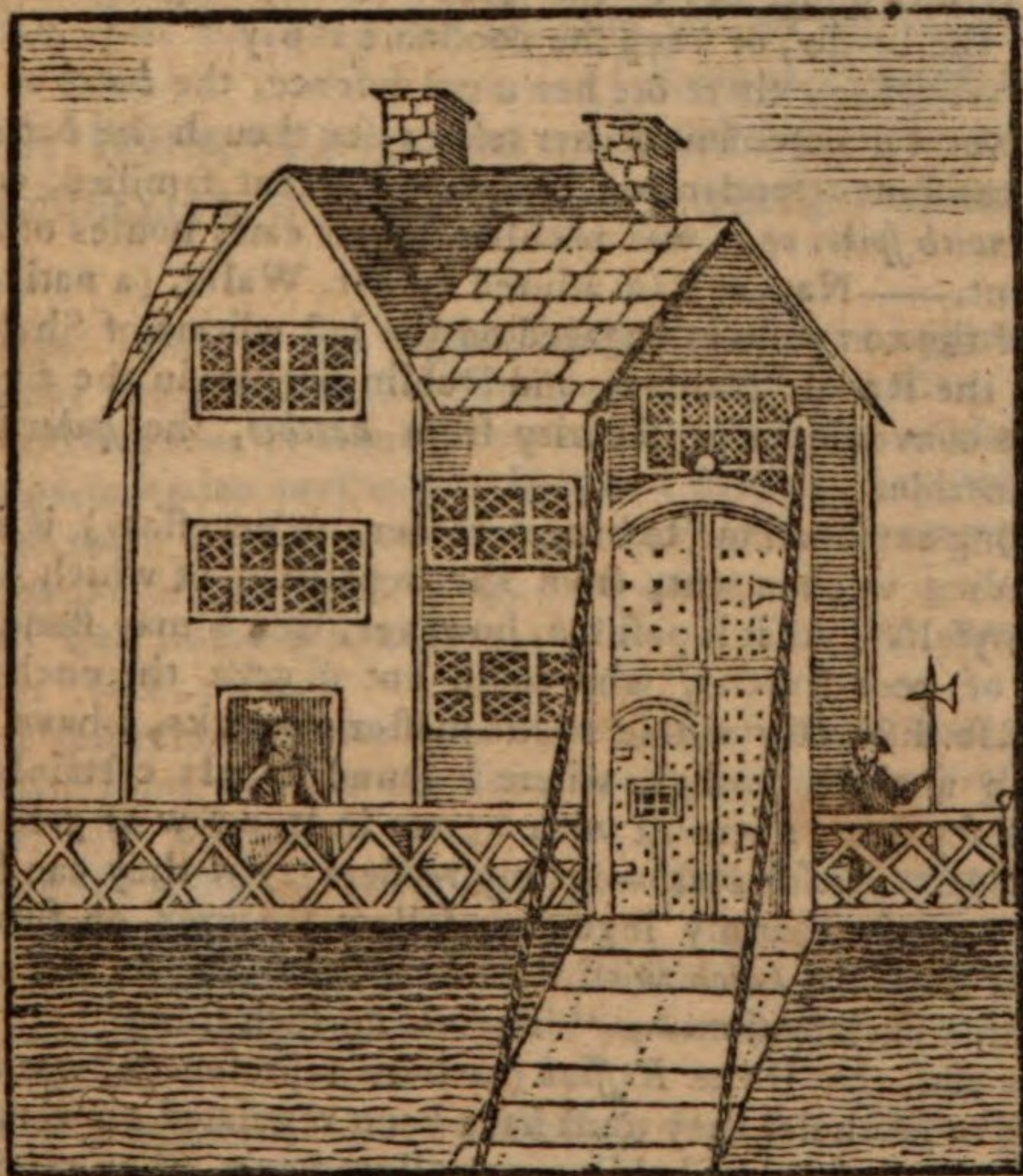
Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pan. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;⁸ therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd.⁹ Besides, the fore terms we stand

And by foreigners. I have seen in MS. an elegant English letter of Voltaire, addressed to Mr. Cradule in his tragedy of Zobeide, in which *to* is written for *too*. NICHOLS.

⁸ *i. e.* is not equal to it. Several examples of this expression are given in former notes on our author. STEEVENS.

⁹ The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So, in *Cupid's Worlidge*, 1607: "Set some *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a *bawdy-house*."



stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Barw.

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, is a representation of a celebrated brothel on the Bank-side near the Globe playhouse, from which the above cut has been made. We have here the *batch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax was called the *Ruffian*. MALONE.

The precept from *Cupid's Whirligig*, and the passage in *Pericles* to which it refers, were originally applied by me to the illustration of the term *Piel-batch* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

A *batch* is a half-door, usually placed within a street-door, admitting people into the entry of a house, but preventing their access to its lower apartments, or its stair-case. Thus, says the Syracusan Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*, to the Dromio of Ephesus:

“ Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the *batch*.”

When the top of a *batch* was guarded by a row of pointed iron spikes, no person could reach over, and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom.

This domestick portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers; refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay.

From having been therefore her usual defence, the *batch* at last became an unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *batch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, colleges, &c. the *batch with spikes on it* was peculiar to our early houses of amorous entertainment.—Nay, as I am assured by Mr. Walth, (a native of Ireland, and one of the compositors engaged on the last edition of Shakspeare,) the entries to the Royal, Halifax, and Dublin bagnios in the city of Dublin, still derive convenience or security from *batches*, the *spikes* of which are unsurmountable.

This long explanation (to many readers unnecessary) is imputable to the preceding wooden cut, from the repetition of which I might have excused myself. As it is possible, however, that I may stand in the predicament of poor Sancho, who could not discern the enchanted castles that were so distinctly visible to his master's opticks, I have left our picture of an ancient brothel, where I found it. It certainly exhibits a house, a lofty door, a wicket with a grate in it, a row of garden-rails, and a drawbridge. As for *batch*—let my readers try if they can find one.

I must suppose, that my ingenious fellow-labourer, on future consideration, will class his *batch* with the *air-drawn dagger*, and join with me in Macbeth's exclamation—“ There's no such thing.”

Let me add, that if the *Ruffian* (as here represented) was an ostensible appendage to brothels, they must have been regulated on very uncommon principles; for instead of holding out allurements, they must have exhibited

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.⁸

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and Boulton dragging in Marina.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To Marina.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1. *Pirate.* O sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough⁹ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.²

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.³

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and

bited terrors. Surely, the *Russian* could never have appeared *nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderat*, till his presence became necessary to extort the wages of prostitution, or secure some other advantage to his employer.

The representation prefixed to *Hollan's Leaguer*, has, therefore, in my opinion, no more authenticity to boast of, than the contemporary wooden cuts illustrative of the *Siege of Troy*. STEEVENS.

⁸ From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—Other trades, &c. MALONE.

Malone suspects that we should read—*other trades*, but that is unnecessary; the word *sorts* has the same sense, and means *professions* or *conditions of life*. M. MASON.

⁹ I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her. STEEVENS.

² This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to Boulton.—I cannot get them to bate me one doit of a thousand pieces.

MALONE.

³ Unripe, unskilful. So, in *Hamlet*: “and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail.” MALONE.

and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.*⁴ Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit. BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not⁵ overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions.

⁴ The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: "Go thou and make a crye through the cyte that of all men that shall enbabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall gyve me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde."

STEEVENS.

⁵ I suspect the second *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. Marina, I think, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was so slack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how* fortunate would it have been for me, if those pirates *had* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother. MALONE.

We should recur to the old copies, and read,

"Not enough barbarous, had *not* overboard," &c.

which is clearly right;—for Marina is not expressing what she wished that Leonine and the Pirates had done, but repining at what they had omitted to do. She laments that Leonine had *not* struck, instead of speaking, and that the Pirates had *not* thrown her overboard. M. MASON.

The original reading may stand, though with some harshness of construction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was so merciful to me, or that these pirates *had not* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather have written—*did not o'er-board throw* me, &c. MALONE.

fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions, What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman!

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.⁶

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?⁷

Bawd.

⁶ So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe says,

“ I'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,

“ Betray'd me to incurable diseases,

“ Hung up her picture in a market-place,

“ And sold her to vile bawds!”

And we are told in a note on this passage, that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines? M. MASON.

The Wife for a Month was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

⁷ To cower is to sink by bending the hams. STEEVENS.

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.⁸

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it.⁹ I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.²

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with his sign.³

Bawd.

⁸ If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it.

MALONE.

⁹ To repair here means to renovate. MALONE.

² There is here perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays.

MALONE.

I see no allusion in this passage to the French disease, but merely to French crowns in a literal sense, the common coin of that country.

Boult had said before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He says, in the next speech, that with such a sign as Marina, they should draw every traveller to their house, considering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the sign to distinguish the house, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the sun: and the meaning of the passage is merely this:—"that the French knight will seek the shade or shelter of their house, to scatter his money there."—But if we make a slight alteration in this passage, and read "*on our shadow*," instead of "*in our shadow*," it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our shadow* may mean, *on our representation or description of Marina*; and the *sun* may mean the *real sign* of the house. For there is a passage in *The Custom of the Country*, which gives reason to imagine that the sun was, in former times, the usual sign of a brothel.

When Sulpitia asks, "What is become of the Dane?" Jacques replies, "What! goldy-locks! he lies at the *sign of the sun* to be new-breeched."

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's note is too ingenious to be omitted; and yet, where humour is forced, (as in present instance,) it is frequently obscure, and especially when vitiated by the slightest typographical error or omission. All we can with certainty infer from the passage before us is, that an opposition between *sun* and *shadow*, was designed. STEEVENS.

³ If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.⁴

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.⁵

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,⁶ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd.

pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. MALONE.

⁵ You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. Which is her way to go with warrant, means only—to which she is entitled to go. MALONE.

⁶ Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. So, in Marston's Satires:

"They are nought but celes, that never will appeare,

"Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare

"Their slimy beds," L. II. Sat. vii. v. 204. WHALLEY.

Barw. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose !

Barw. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will
you go with us ? [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.⁶ O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too !
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat :⁷ what canst thou say,

When

⁶ So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Wake Duncan with this knocking :—*Ay, would thou could'st !*”

In *Pericles*, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

Thus also in Twine's translation : “ But Strangulio himself consented not to this treason, but so soon as he heard of the foul mischaunce, being as it were all amort, and amazed with heaviness, &c.—and therewithal he looked towards his wife, saying, Thou wicked woman,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ Old copy—*face* : which, if this reading be genuine, must mean—hadst thou poisoned thyself by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thee. For the sake of a more obvious meaning, however, I read, with Mr. M. Mason, *feat* instead of *face*.

STEEVENS

Feat, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy exploits. M. MASON.

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,²
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child,³ and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at,⁴ and held a malkin,

Not

² The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto.—She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. MALONE.
Notwithstanding Malone's ingenious explanation, I should wish to read—the *pious* innocent, instead of *impious*. M. MASON.

³ Thus the old copy, but I think erroneously. Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *disgraced* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, *distained* them.

The verb—to *stain* is frequently used by our author in the sense of—to *disgrace*. STEEVENS.

⁴ This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. MALONE.

Not worth the time of day.⁵ It pierc'd me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me,⁶ as an enterprize of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn: her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle.

Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
 Seize with an eagle's talons.⁷

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;⁸
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

⁵ A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a good day, or good morrow; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

⁶ Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleases me*; *c'est a mon gré*. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase. MALONE.

⁷ There is an awkwardness of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle*.—Might we read:

*Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, dost wear thine angel's face;
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.*

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*. MALONE.

I have adopted part of Mr. Malone's emendation, changing only a syllable or two, that the passage might at least present some meaning to the reader. STEEVENS.

⁸ You resemble him who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

I doubt whether Malone's explanation be right; the words *swear to the gods*, can hardly imply, *to be angry with heaven*, though to swear at the gods might:

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles,⁹ have, and wish but for't;

Making,² (to take your imagination,)

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language, in each several clime,

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,

To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas

(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)

To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-failing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;

So

might: But if this conjecture be right, we must read *superciliously*, instead of *superstitiously*; for to arraign the conduct of heaven is the very reverse of superstition. — Perhaps the meaning may be—"You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event." But whatever may be the meaning, *swear to the gods*, is a very awkward expression. M. MASON.

⁹ We are told by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1784, that "it was believed that witches cou'd sail in an egg shell, a cockle, or muscle shell, through and under tempestuous seas."—This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

² *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c.—It is still said at sea—the ship makes much way. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is clearly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *task* your imagination. MALONE.

Making is most certainly the true reading. *Making*, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with—*take your imagination*; i. e. "To take one's fancy." STEEVENS.

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.³
 Like motes and shadows see them move a-while;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES with his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe!⁴
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'erflow'r'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;

He

³ The old copies read:

——— *think this pilot thought,*

So with his steerage shall your thoughts groan, &c.

but they are surely corrupt. I read—*think his pilot thought*; suppose that your imagination is his pilot.

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone's amendment, but adhere to the old copies, with this difference only, that I join the words *thought* and *pilot* with a hyphen, and read:

——— *think this pilot-thought*; ———

That is, "Keep this leading circumstance in your mind, which will serve as a pilot to you, and guide you through the rest of the story, in such a manner, that your imagination will keep pace with the king's progress."

M. MASON.

The plainer meaning seems to be — Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep pace with his operations.

STEEVENS.

Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true old woe. STEEVENS.

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,⁵
 And yer he rides it out. Now please you wit⁶
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd;⁷ and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:⁸

Therefore

⁵ What is here called his *mortal vessel*, (i. e. his body,) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*. STEEVENS.

⁶ Now be pleased to *know*. MALONE.

⁷ It might have been expected that this epitaph, which sets out in four-foot verse, would have confined itself to that measure; but instead of preserving such uniformity, throughout the last six lines it deviates into heroicks, which, perhaps, were never meant by its author. Let us remove a few syllables, and try whether any thing is lost by their omission:

“ Marina call'd; and at her birth

“ Proud Thetis swallow'd part o' the earth:

“ The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,

“ Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:

“ Wherefore she swears she'll never stint

“ Make battery upon shores of flint.” STEEVENS.

⁸ The modern editions by a strange blunder, read,—*That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words—*some part of the earth* was meant *Thaisa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he supposes her dead, *the dearest morsel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was mistaken. MALONE.

The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea, proudly o'erflowing its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. The line, *Therefore the earth fearing to be o'erflow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *some part of the earth*, in the line preceding, cannot mean the *body* of Thaisa, but a *portion* of the continent. M. MASON.

Our poet has many allusions in his works to the depredations made by the sea on the land. MALONE.

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint⁹)
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courtes to be ordered
 By lady fortune; while our scenes display²
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen.* [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,
 she being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you
 ever dream of such a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
 houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am
 out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her,
 she had ne'er come here.

Bawd.

⁹ She'll never cease.

² The old copies have—

—while our steare must play.

We might read—our stage—or rather, our scene.

It should be remembered, that scene was formerly spelt sceane; so there
 is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of
 the last century were easily confounded. MALONE.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus,³ and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do her clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyfimachus, disguis'd.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?⁴

Bawd. Now, the gods to-blefs your honour!⁵

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your re-
forters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome ini-
quity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the
surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, fir, if she would—but there
never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, fir, white and red, you shall
see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult.

³ The present mention of this deity was perhaps suggested by the fol-
lowing passage in Twine's translation: "Then the bawde brought her
into a certaine chappell where stood the idoll of *Priapus* made of gold,"
&c. STEEVENS.

⁴ For what a price may a dozen of virginities be had? MALONE.

⁵ This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks)
is very common in Gower and Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Boult. O, fir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.⁶

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;— never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. *[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet ;² you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.³

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.

Lys.

⁶ The intended meaning of the passage should seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it."—I join with Mr. Malone, however, in supposing this sentence to be corrupt. STEEVENS.

² She has not yet learned her paces. MALONE.

³ The first quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lyſimachus. He had before

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester⁴ at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, Come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;⁵

If

before expressed his desire to be left alone with Marina: “—Well, there’s for you;—*leave us.*” MALONE.

These words may signify only—*Go back again*; and might have been addressed by the Bawd to Marina, who had offered to quit the room with her. STEEVENS.

⁴ A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton. MALONE.

⁵ In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of the story: “Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—‘Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.’ Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate

If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lyf. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.⁶

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lyf.

I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,⁷
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lyf.

For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows favour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,

It

ginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis."

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

It is preserved in Twine's translation, as follows: "Be of good cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe have also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Lyfimachus says this with a sneer.—*Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* MALONE.

⁷ Continue in your present virtuous disposition. MALONE.

It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse, BOULT enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lyf. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,⁸ shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.⁹

Boult:

⁸ i. e. under the *cape* or *covering* of heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*. In *Coriolanus* we have "under the *canopy*;" with the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus [leno] vocans villicum puellarum, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginitatis ejus." MALONE.

Here

Boult. An if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would ſhe had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dith of chaſtity with roſemary and bays!²
[Exit Bawd.]

Boult. Come, miſtreſs; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing;

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to be my maſter, or rather, my miſtreſs.

Mar. Neither of theſe are yet ſo bad as thou art, ſince they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'ſt a place, for which the pained'ſt fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coyſtrel That hither comes enquiring for his tib;³

To

Here is perhaps ſome alluſion to a fact recorded by Dion Caſſius and by Pliny, B. XXXVI. ch. xxvi. but more circumſtantiſtially by Petronius. See his *Satyricon*, Variorum edit. p. 189. A ſkilful workman who had diſcovered the art of *making glaſs malleable*, carried a ſpecimen of it to Tiberius, who aſked him if he alone was in poſſeſſion of the ſecret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be ſtruck off immediately, leſt his invention ſhould have proved injurious to the workers in gold, ſilver, and other metals. The ſame ſtory, however, is told in the *Geſta Romanorum*, chapter 44. STEEVENS.

² Anciently many diſhes were ſerved up with this garniture, during the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of oſtentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

³ To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coyſtrel* is properly a wine-veſſel. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha*. It was formerly a cant name for a ſtrumpet. MALONE.

Tib was a common nick-name for a wanton.

Coyſtrel means a paltry fellow. This word ſeems to be corrupted from *keſtrel*, a baſtard kind of hawk. It occurs in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act I. ſc. iii. Spenser, Bacon, and Dryden, alſo mention the *keſtrel*; and *Koſtril*, Ben Jonſon's angry boy in *The Alchemiſt*, is only a variation of the ſame term. The word *coyſtrel* in ſhort, was employed to characteriſe any worthleſs or ridiculous being. STEEVENS.

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.⁴

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.⁵
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.⁶

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar.

⁴ Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas. STEEVENS.

⁵ That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, "Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon*."

Marina's wish for deliverance from her shameful situation, has been already expressed in almost the same words:

"———O that the good gods

"Would set me free from this unhallow'd place!"

In this speech I have made some trifling regulations. STEEVENS.

⁶ The scheme by which Marina effects her release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confessio Amantis*. MALONE.

All this is likewise found in Twine's translation. STEEVENS.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.⁷ Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:⁸

Deep clerks she dumbs;⁹ and with her need² composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;³

Her inkle,⁴ filk, twin with the rubied cherry;

That

⁷ So, in Twine's translation: "——he brake with the bawd his master touching that matter, who, hearing of her skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily perswaded." STEEVENS.

⁸ This compound epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author in *Cymbeline*. MALONE.

⁹ This uncommon verb is also found in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——that what I would have spoke

"Was beastly dumb'd by him." STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

"To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,

"And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

"Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

² Need for needle. MALONE.

³ I have not met with this word in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609. MALONE.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd⁵
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lyfimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.⁶
 In your supposing once more put your sight;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:⁷
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,⁸
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit.

SCENE

⁴ *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *The Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,—*twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:

“ Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth,—.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ —who *twine* as it were in love.” MALONE.

Inkle, however, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. It will not easily be discovered how Marina could work such resemblances of nature with *tape*. STEEVENS.

⁵ The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme.

MALONE.

I suspect that our author wrote:

————— *The city's hiv'd*

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: —.

i. e. the citizens, on the present occasion, are collected like bees in a *bive*. Shakspeare has the same verb in *The Merchant of Venice*:—“ Drones *bive* not with me.” STEEVENS.

⁶ This is one of the few passages in this play, in which the error of the first copy is corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly—with *former* hies. MALONE.

⁷ Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles.

D d 6

The

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
[*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lyfismachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this his bark:

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On heavy Pericles, &c.* If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour lies,

In your supposing.—Once more put your sight

On heavy Pericles; &c.

You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose Lyfismachus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene he would of course be represented to them. Gower's principal office in these chorusses is, to persuade the spectators, not to use, but to disbelieve, their eyes.

MALONE.

⁸ Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit. The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More, if might,*—is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more of might.* MALONE.

More of might i. e. of more might (were there authority for such a reading) should seem to mean—of greater consequence. Such things we shall exhibit. As to the rest, let your imaginations dictate to your eyes. We should, otherwise, read:

Where, of what's done in action, more, if might,

Should be discover'd;— STEEVENS.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governour of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.⁹

Lys. Upon what ground ^{abl} his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys.

⁹ To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unnecessarily:

But to prolong his grief.

Prorogued is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, fir: [*PERICLES discovered.*]² this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal fir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1. Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene,³ I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd⁴ parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.⁵

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord, in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]⁶

Hel.

² Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The antient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. MALONE.

³ This circumstance resembles another in *All's well that ends well*, where Lafew gives an account of Hecuba's attractions to the king, before she is introduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

⁴ The earliest quarto reads—*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd* parts,—i. e. ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision-mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—his deafen'd *ports*. Thus, in *Timon*:

“Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*.”

i. e. gates. *Deafen'd ports* would mean the oppilated doors of hearing.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Mr. Steevens would read:

*She is as happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter.*

Marina

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,

And

Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of a *shelter* abutting against the side of an island. I would read:

————— is now upon
*The leafy shelter, that abuts against
The island's side.*

i. e. the *shelving bank* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*.

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the croud, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *King Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governor, from *the lonest house* to which she had retreated.

MALONE.

If any alteration be thought necessary, I would read: "And is now *about* the leafy shelter," instead of *upon*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's alteration cannot be admitted, as the words *about* and *abut* would be so near each other as to occasion the most barbarous dissonance.—I have at least printed the passage so as to afford it smoothness, and some apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

⁶ It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*. MALONE.

And so inflict our province. ⁴—Yet once more
Let me intreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, LORD, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lyf. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence? ⁵

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lyf. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient: ⁶
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat?

Can

⁴ Thus all the copies. But I do not believe *to inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of *to punish*. The poet probably wrote—And so *afflict* our province. MALONE.

⁵ Is she not beautiful in her form? So in *King John*:

“Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.

All the copies read, I think corruptedly:

Is it not a goodly present? MALONE.

Mr. Malone's emendation is undoubtedly judicious. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Show a *fair presence*, and put off these frowns.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ The quarto, 1609, reads:

Fair on, all goodness that consists in beauty, &c.

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair *and* all goodness, &c. which renders the passage nonsense.—One was formerly written *on*; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas.

The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the *bounty* of her kingly patient, if she proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lyfimachus tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's well that ends well*. STEEVENS.

⁷ The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*⁸

Lys. Mark'd he your musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys.

indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronounciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded.

MALONE.

Percy reads *feat*, instead of *fate*, which may possibly be the right reading; but in that case we ought to go farther, and strike out the word *and*:

If that thy prosperous, artificial feat.

The amendment I should propose is to read:

If that thy prosperous artifice and fate. M. MASON.

I read as in the text. Our author has many compound epithets of the same kind; as for instance,—*dismal-fatal*, *mortal-staring*, *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, &c. in all of which the first adjective is adverbially used.

STEEVENS.

⁸ This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on some lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*, which Tharsia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius. MALONE.

I have subjoined this song (which is an exact copy of the Latin hexameters in the *Gesta Romanorum*) from Twine's translation.

The song is thus introduced: "Then began she to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetely, that Appollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she song so pleasantly unto the instrument:"

" Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
" Yet harlot none am I:
" The rose among the thorns it grows,
" And is not hurt thereby.

" The thief that stole me, sure I think,
" Is slain before this time:
" A bawd me bought, yet am I not
" Defil'd by fleshly crime.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties⁹
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [Aside.]

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.²

Per.

“ Were nothing pleasanter to me
“ Then parents mine to know:
“ I am the issue of a king,
“ My blood from kings doth flow.
“ I hope that god will mend my state,
“ And send a better day:
“ Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,
“ And banish care away.
“ Show gladness in your countenance,
“ Cast up your cheerful eyes:
“ That God remains that once of nought
“ Created earth and skies.
“ He will not let, in care and thought,
“ You still to live, and all for nought.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Aukward* is adverse. Our author has the same epithet in the Second Part of *King Henry VI*:

“ And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank

“ Drove back again.” STEEVENS.

² This refers to a part of the story that seems to be made no use of in the

Per.

I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

You are like something that—What countrywoman?

Here of these shores?³*Mar.*

No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.⁴

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck

You may discern the place.

Per.

Where were you bred?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?⁵*Mar.*

the present scene. Thus, in Twine's translation: "Then Apollonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden," &c. STEEVENS.

³ This passage is strangely corrupted in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:

"*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.

Mar. No nor of any shewes," &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*shores*, instead of *shewes*—(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to insert it in the text) as well as the happy regulation of the whole passage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend, the Earl of Charlemont.

MALONE.

⁴ It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play strongly remind us of the *Rudens*. There Arcturus, like Gower, *προλογιζει*.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles*, are brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroines of Plautus and Marina fall alike into the hands of a procurer. A circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramatick pieces depends. HOLT WHITE.

⁵ To *owe* in ancient language is to *possess*. The meaning of the compliment is: These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. STEEVENS.

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in:⁵ I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.⁶ What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?⁷ Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar.

⁵ It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies, with a crown. MALONE.

⁶ By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like manner used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering. MALONE.

⁷ All the old copies read—

How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c.

But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and awkward casualties bound her in servitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her friends; and at the same

Mar. My name, fir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incens'd god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good fir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?⁸—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king:

Who

same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them*, which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear. The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

⁸ No puppet dress'd up to deceive me. STEEVENS.

This passage should be pointed thus:—

“Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?”

That is, “Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment? the work of fairies.” The present reading cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated beings, and to have working pulses as well as men. M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason's punctuation were followed, the line would be too long by a foot. Pericles suggests three images in his question—1. Have you a working pulse? i. e. are you any thing human and really alive? 2. Are you a fairy? 3. Or are you a puppet? STEEVENS.

Who died the very minute I was born,⁹
 As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
 Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
 This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep²
 Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
 My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you
 bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
 And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give
 o'er.³

Per. I will believe you by the syllable⁴
 Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
 How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
 Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
 Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
 A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,⁵

A

⁹ Thus the old copy. Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c.

otherwise it is the king, not the queen, that died at the instant of Marina's birth. In the old copies these lines are given in prose. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the metre. MALONE.

² The words, *This is the rarest dream, &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken aside. MALONE.

³ All the old copies read—*You scorn, believe me, &c.* The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best, &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention. The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture.

MALONE.

⁴ I will believe every word you say. STEEVENS.

⁵ When the former edition of this play was printed, I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn to do't, not observing the mark of abbreviation over the letter *o* (*whō*) which shews the word intended was *whom*. MALONE.

I have now two copies of this quarto 1609 before me, and neither of them exhibits the mark on which Mr. Malone's supposition is founded. I conclude therefore that this token of abbreviation was an accidental blot in the copy which that gentleman consulted. STEEVENS.

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
 Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
 Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
 You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
 I am the daughter to king Pericles,
 If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
 Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,
 That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
 Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
 Her parentage; being demanded that,
 She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
 As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.⁶

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
 What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
 (As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
 My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
 And

⁶ i. e. in plain language, though nothing ever happened to create a scruple
 or doubt concerning your veracity. STEEVENS.

And another life⁷ to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,⁸
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er

⁷ Mr. Malone reads:

And a mother like to Pericles, &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—

And another like to Pericles thy father.

There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled Pericles.

I think that a slight alteration will restore the passage, and read it thus:

————— *But tell me now*

*My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike-perfect) thou'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.*

That is, “Do but tell me my drowned queen's name, and thou wilt prove the heir of kingdoms, and *another life* to your father Pericles.”—This last amendment is confirmed by what he says in the speech preceding, where he expresses the same thought:

“————— O come hither,

“Thou that *beget'st him* that did thee beget.” M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's very happy emendation, with a somewhat different arrangement of the lines, and the omission of two useless words. STEEVENS.

⁸ Perhaps this means, she is *mine own* daughter, Helicanus, (not murdered according to the design of Cleon) she (I say) shall tell thee all, &c.

STEEVENS.

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.⁴

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and attendant Lady.]

4 These lines clearly belong to Marina. She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe,) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina. I would therefore read in the passage now before us:

—————*Well, my companion-friend;*

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance—my companion-*maids*.—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her fellow-*maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lyfimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion, is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

I am satisfied to leave Lyfimachus in quiet possession of these lines. He is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.⁵
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,⁶
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter

⁵ The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. "Give them repetition to the life," means, as he observes, "Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate." So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— The younger brother, Cadwall,
" Strikes *life* into my speech."

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

" Two of the first, *life* coats in heraldry," &c. MALONE.

Before I had read the emendation proposed by Lord Charlemont, it had suggested itself to me, together with the following explanation of it: i. e. repeat to them a lively and faithful narrative of your adventures. Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike your hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.

I suspect, however, that Diana's revelation to Pericles, was originally deliver'd in rhyme. STEEVENS.

⁶ That is, regent of the *silver* moon. "In the chemical phrase, (as Lord Charlemont observes to me,) a language well understood when this play was written, Luna or *Diana* means *silver*, as Sol does gold."

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; ⁷ estfoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* HELICANUS.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.⁸

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys.

Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.⁹
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That

⁷ i. e. swollen. STEEVENS.

⁸ The old copies read—I have another *sleight*. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I therefore read,—I have another *suit*.

MALONE.

This correction is undoubtedly judicious. I had formerly made an idle attempt in support of the old reading. STEEVENS.

⁹ Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt.

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads:

More a little, and then done. MALONE.

Done is surely the true reading. STEEVENS.

That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,
 Till he had done his sacrifice,²
 As Dian bade; whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.³

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

Who,

² That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

³ Old copies—thankful *doom*; but as *soon* and *doom* are not rhymes corresponding, I read as in the text.

Thankful boon may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play; or, the boon for which we thank you. STEEVENS.

⁴ Does this accord with Iachimo's description:

“Live, like *Diana's* priestess, 'twixt cold sheets?”

Diana must have been wofully imposed on, if she received the mother of *Marina* as a maiden votarefs. STEEVENS.

Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.⁵ She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!⁶— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;⁷—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was

Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

Found there rich jewels;⁸ recover'd her, and plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.⁹

Per.

⁵ i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

⁶ The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

⁷ When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

⁸ The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read—*these* jewels. Pericles's next question shews that *these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

⁹ The same situation occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.² Look! Thaïsa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense³ bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaïsa!

Thai. That Thaïsa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.⁴

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kind-
ness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.⁵ O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAÏSA.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaïsa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai.

² This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

³ *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*. MALONE.

⁴ Supposed dead, and that my death was by drowning. MALONE.
Drown'd, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but over-whelmed in it. STEEVENS.

⁵ This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. MALONE.

So, in the 39th *Psalms*:—"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen." STEEVENS.

Thai. Blest'sd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betroth'd⁶ of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.⁷

Thai.

⁶ i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEEVENS.

⁷ The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharsus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to wash his face or cut his hair.

M. MASON.

See

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.⁸ [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter,⁹ you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.²
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For

See p. 576, n. 2. where, if my reading be not erroneous, a proof will be found that this vow was made almost immediately after the birth of Marina; and consequently that Mr. M. Mason's present remark has no sure foundation. STEEVENS.

⁸ Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the lame and impotent conclusion of the second part of *King Henry IV*: "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furnishes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly resembling the present:—"Hastily lead away." This passage will justify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the way. MALONE.

⁹ The old copies read—In *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakspeare's other plays, *France*, for the king of France; *Morocco*, for the king of Morocco," &c. MALONE.

² All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read:

Virtue preferr'd from fell destruction's blast——.

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken on this and some other occasions.

It would be difficult to produce from the words of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this, MALONE.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their curfed deed, and honour'd name
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
 That him and his they in his palace burn.
 The gods for murder feemed fo content
 To punish them; although not done, but meant.
 So, on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[Exit GOWER.³

³ This play is fo uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c. that it does not fo much feem to want illuftration as emendation: and the errata are fo numerous and grofs, that one is tempted to fufpect almoft every line where there is the leaft deviation in the language from what is either ufual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arifen from an illiterate tranfcriber having written the fpeeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phrafeology ufed in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other fix doubted plays.

PERCY.

To a former edition of this play were fubjoined two Differtations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged fuch arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earlieft compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of fome elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be vifible in many fenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothefis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the firft folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumftance proves nothing; becaufe by the knavery of book-fellers other pieces were alfo afcribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it neceffary to urge in fupport of its genuinenefs, that at a fubfequent period it was afcribed to him by feveral dramatick writers. I wifh not to rely on any circumftance of that kind; becaufe in all queftions of this nature, internal evidence is the beft that can be produced, and to every perfon intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, muft in the prefent cafe be decifive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expreffions bearing a ftriking fimilitude to paffages in his undifputed plays, fome of the incidents, the fituation of many of the per-
 fons,

is, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

After Mr. Malone's retraction, (which is no less honourable to himself than to the present editor of *Pericles*,) it may be asked why the dissertations mentioned in the foregoing note appear a second time in print. To such a question I am not unwilling to reply. My sole motive for republishing them is to manifest that the skill displayed by my late opponent in defence of what he conceived to have been right, can only be exceeded by the liberality of his concession since he has supposed himself in the wrong. STEEVENS.

In a former disquisition concerning this play, I mentioned, that the dumb shows, which are found in it, induced me to doubt whether it came from the pen of Shakspeare. The sentiments that I then expressed, were suggested by a very hasty and transient survey of the piece. I am still, however, of opinion, that this consideration (our author having expressly ridiculed such exhibitions) might in a very doubtful question have some weight. But weaker proofs must yield to stronger. It is idle to lay any great stress upon such a slight circumstance, when the piece itself furnishes internal and irresistible evidence of its authenticity. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, the incidents, the situations of the persons, the colour of the style, at least through the greater part of the play, all, in my apprehension, conspire to set the seal of Shakspeare on this performance. What then shall we say to these dumb shows? Either, that the poet's practice was not always conformable to his opinions, (of which there are abundant proofs) or, (what I rather believe to be the case) that this was one of his earliest dramas, written at a time when these exhibitions were much admired, and before he had seen the absurdity of such ridiculous pageants: probably, in the year 1590, or 1591.*

Mr. Rowe in his first edition of Shakspeare says, "It is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act." Dr. Farmer, whose opinion in every thing that relates to our author has deservedly the greatest weight, thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, and there only. The scene, in the last act, in which *Pericles* discovers his daughter, is indeed

* If this play was written in the year 1590 or 1591, with what colour of truth could it be styled (as it is in the title-page to the first edition of it, 4to. 1609) "the late and much admired," &c.? STEEVENS.

indeed eminently beautiful; but the whole piece appears to me to furnish abundant proofs of the hand of Shakspeare. The inequalities in different parts of it are not greater than may be found in some of his other dramas. It should be remembered also, that Dryden, who lived near enough the time to be well informed, has pronounced this play to be our author's first performance:

“ Shakspeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore;

“ *The Prince of Tyre* was elder than *the Moor*.”

Let me add, that the contemptuous manner in which Ben Jonson has mentioned it, is, in my apprehension, another proof of its authenticity. In his memorable Ode, written soon after his *New Inn* had been damned, when he was comparing his own unsuccessful pieces with the applauded dramas of his contemporaries, he naturally chose to point at what he esteemed a weak performance of a rival, whom he appears to have envied and hated merely because the splendor of his genius had eclipsed his own, and had rendered the reception of those tame and disgusting imitations of antiquity, which he boastingly called the only legitimate English dramas, as cold as the performances themselves.

As the subject is of some curiosity, I shall make no apology for laying before the reader a more minute investigation of it.* It is proper, however, to inform him, that one of the following dissertations on the genuineness of this play precedes the other only for a reason assigned by Dogberry, that *where two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind*. That we might catch hints from the strictures of each other, and collect what we could mutually advance into a point, Mr. Steevens and I set forward with an agreement to maintain the propriety of our respective suppositions relative to this piece, as far as we were able; to submit our remarks, as they gradually increased, alternately to each other, and to dispute the opposite hypothesis, till one of us should acquiesce in the opinion of his opponent, or each remain confirmed in his own. The reader is therefore requested to bear in mind, that if the last series of arguments be considered as an answer to the first, the first was equally written in reply to the last:

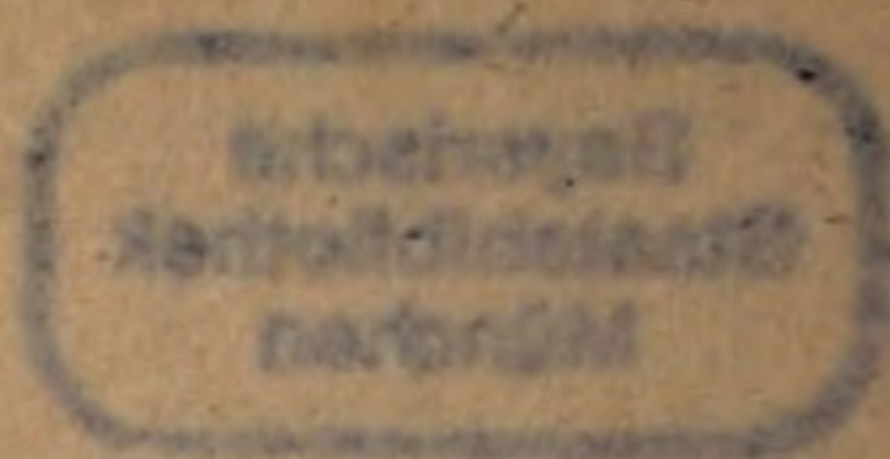
“ —unus sese armat utroque,

“ Unaque mens animat non dissociabilis ambos.” MALONE.

* The Reader who may have a curiosity to examine this investigation will find these dissertations in the Thirteenth Volume of Mr. Steevens's last Edition, p. 612, and seqq. NICHOLS.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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